Featuring America's Fighting Nemesis of Crime

10¢

The BLACK TERROR

FIRST ISSUE

THRILLS... EXCITEMENT... action...

What DREAD SPECTER MENACES A MIGHTY NATION? ONLY *The* **BLACK TERROR** KNOWS... AND STRIKES WITH DEVASTATING IMPACT! TRAIL ALONG WITH THIS ***MODERN HERCULES*** AS, AIDED BY ***TIM***, THE INVINCIBLE AMERICAN BOY, HE SMASHES THROUGH TO ***VICTORY!***

and... JUST WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR--- *The* **LIBERATOR!** WHO IS THIS STRANGE, DYNAMIC, ***JEKYLL-HYDE*** PERSONALITY THAT STRIKES LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, WREAKING HAVOC AMONG TRAITORS AND FIFTH-COLUMNISTS? IT'S THE ALL-POWERFUL ***LIBERATOR***, WHO'LL THRILL YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH!

FOLLOW THE CHILLING ADVENTURES OF THESE SUPER-HEROES

10¢ ON ALL STANDS *in* **EXCITING COMICS**

PLUS A GALAXY OF ★★★★ FEATURES... INCLUDING *The* AMERICAN EAGLE··· CRASH CARTER, AIR CADET··· PEPPER SWIFT···SERGEANT BILL KING···· LARRY NORTH, U·S·N··· *and other HEADLINERS!*

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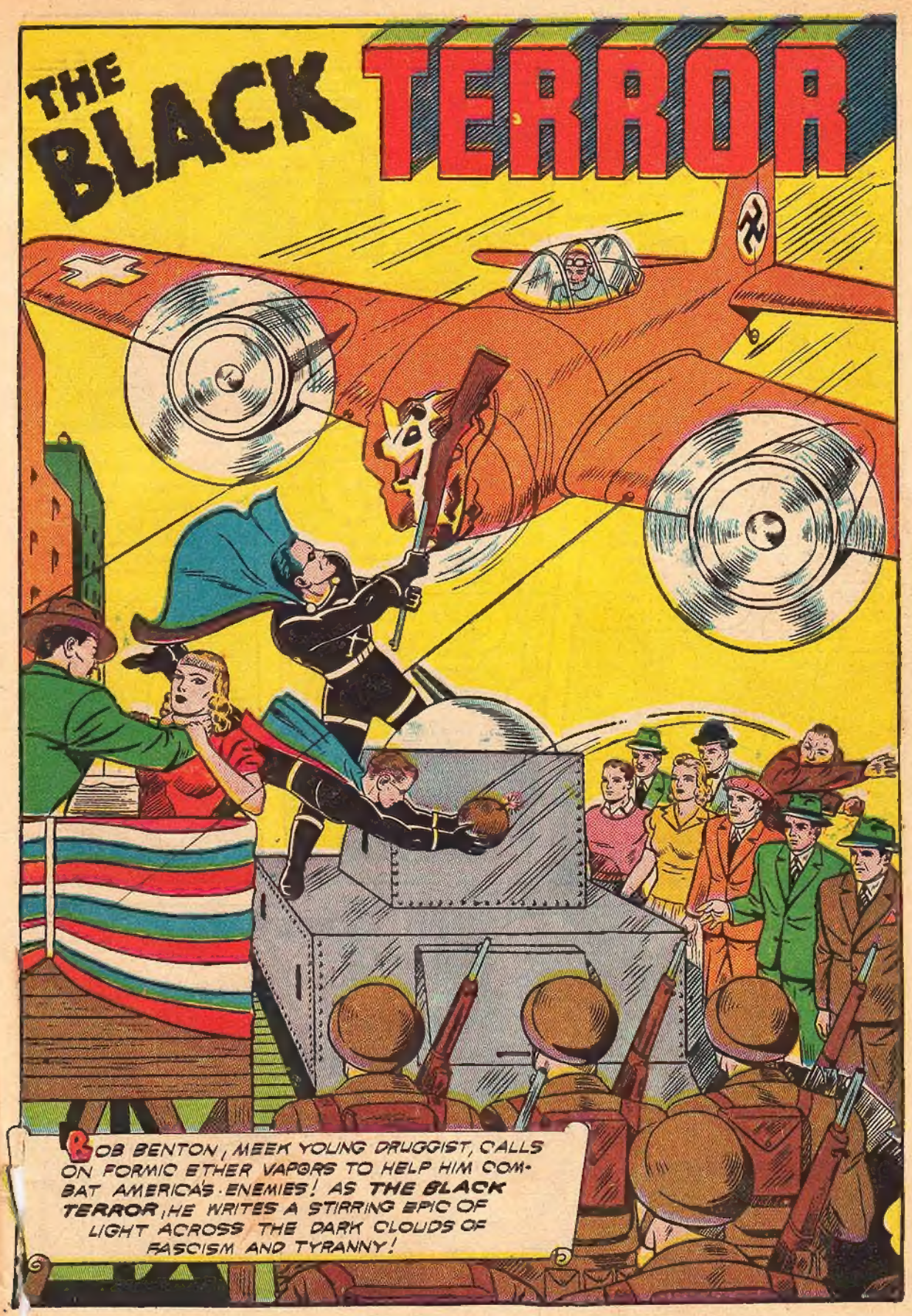
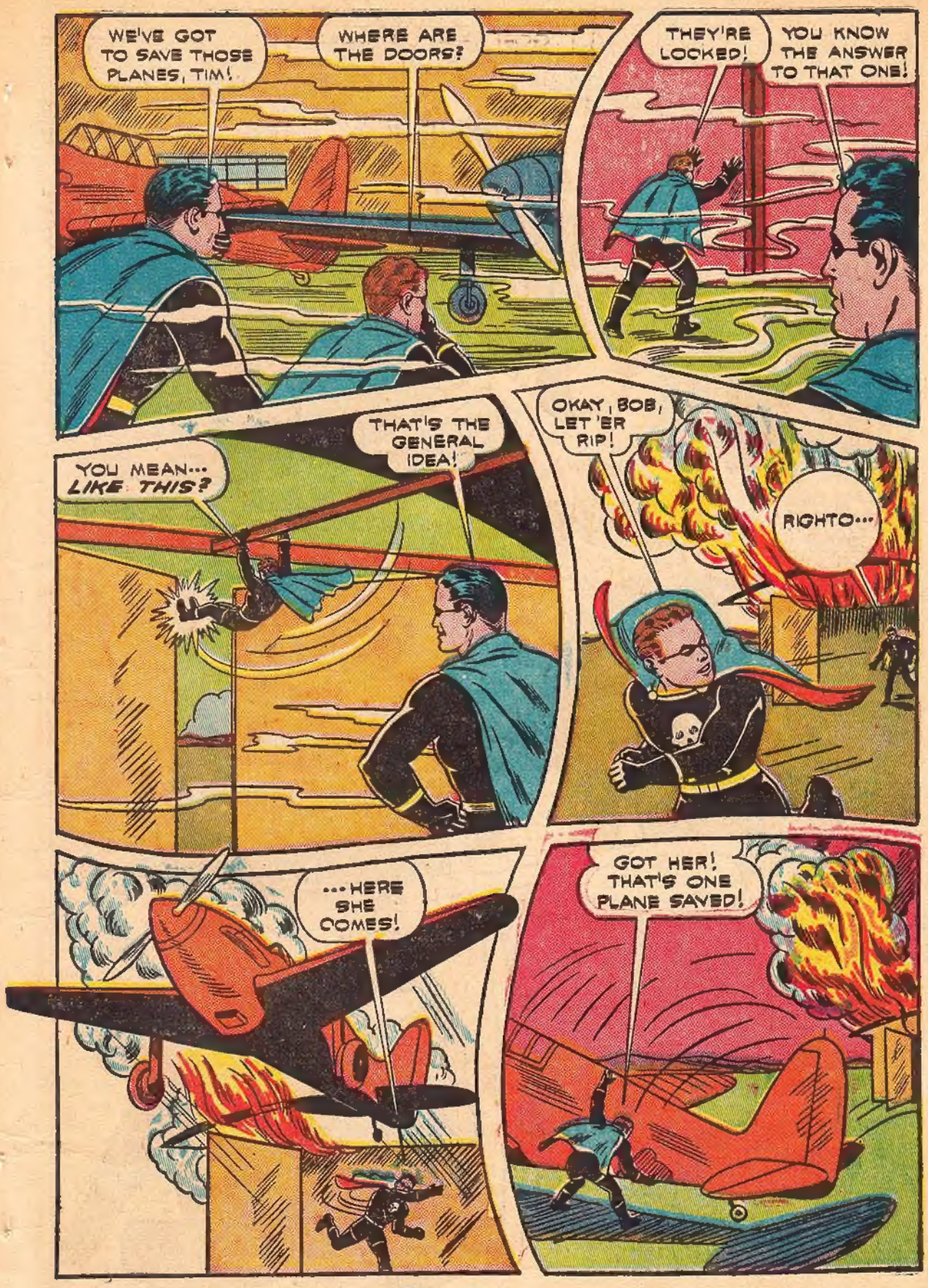

THE BLACK TERROR
BOB BENTON, MEEK YOUNG DRUGGIST, CALLS ON FORMIC ETHER VAPORS TO HELP HIM COMBAT AMERICA'S ENEMIES! AS THE BLACK TERROR, HE WRITES A STIRRING EPIC OF LIGHT ACROSS THE DARK CLOUDS OF FASCISM AND TYRANNY!

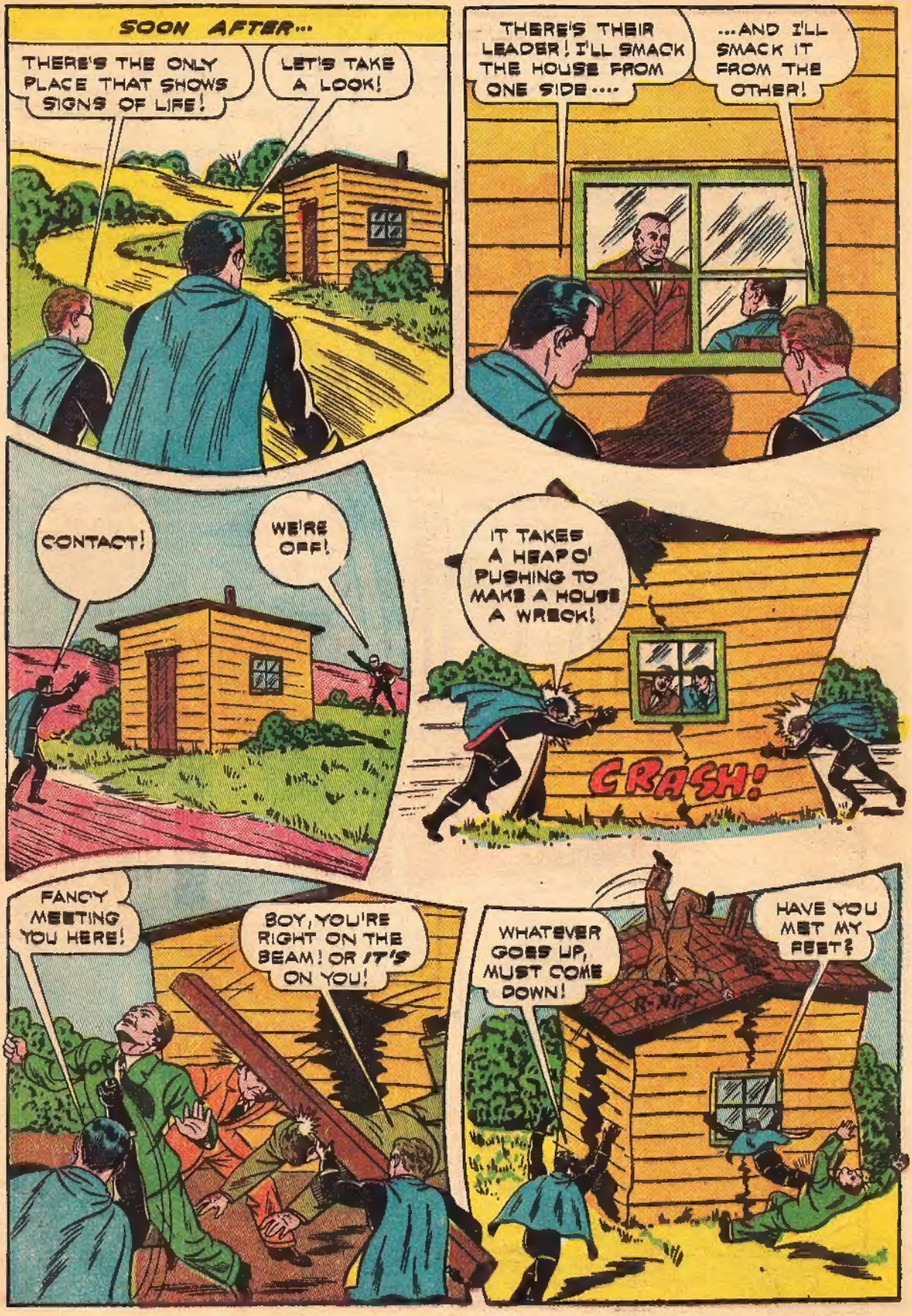
IN BOB BENTON'S DRUGSTORE...
HERE'S A COMIC BOOK FOR YOU, TIM!
I DON'T WANT TO READ ABOUT ACTION, BOB! I WANT TO BE IN IT!
EVEN THEN...IN BERLIN....
GOEBBELS, YOU'RE A PIPSQUEAK!
MAYBE SO, BUT MY PROPAGANDA HAS DONE MORE HARM IN AMERICA THAN ALL YOUR ARMIES, GOERING!
LATER...
I CAN'T LET GOEBBELS HOLD THAT OVER ME! THINK OF SOMETHING!
DON'T WORRY, HERMANN! TRUPP, OUR BEST AGENT IN AMERICA, WILL THINK OF SOMETHING!
TRUPP'S HIDEOUT....
WE'VE SOME SPECIAL WORK FOR GOERING, BUT FIRST WE GET RID OF THE BLACK TERROR! HE'S ALWAYS INTERFERING WITH OUR MEN!
WHERE WILL YOU FIND HIM?
TOMORROW'S THE AIR SHOW! IF I KNOW THE BLACK TERROR, HE'LL BE ON HAND TO GUARD AGAINST SABOTAGE!
AND WE'LL SMOKE HIM OUT! GOOD!
NEXT DAY....
FINE PLANES, TIM! BUT NOT A SIGN OF SABOTAGE!
LOOK, BOB... FIRE!
HOP TO IT, TIM!
AT YOUR HEELS, PAL!
CRASH!

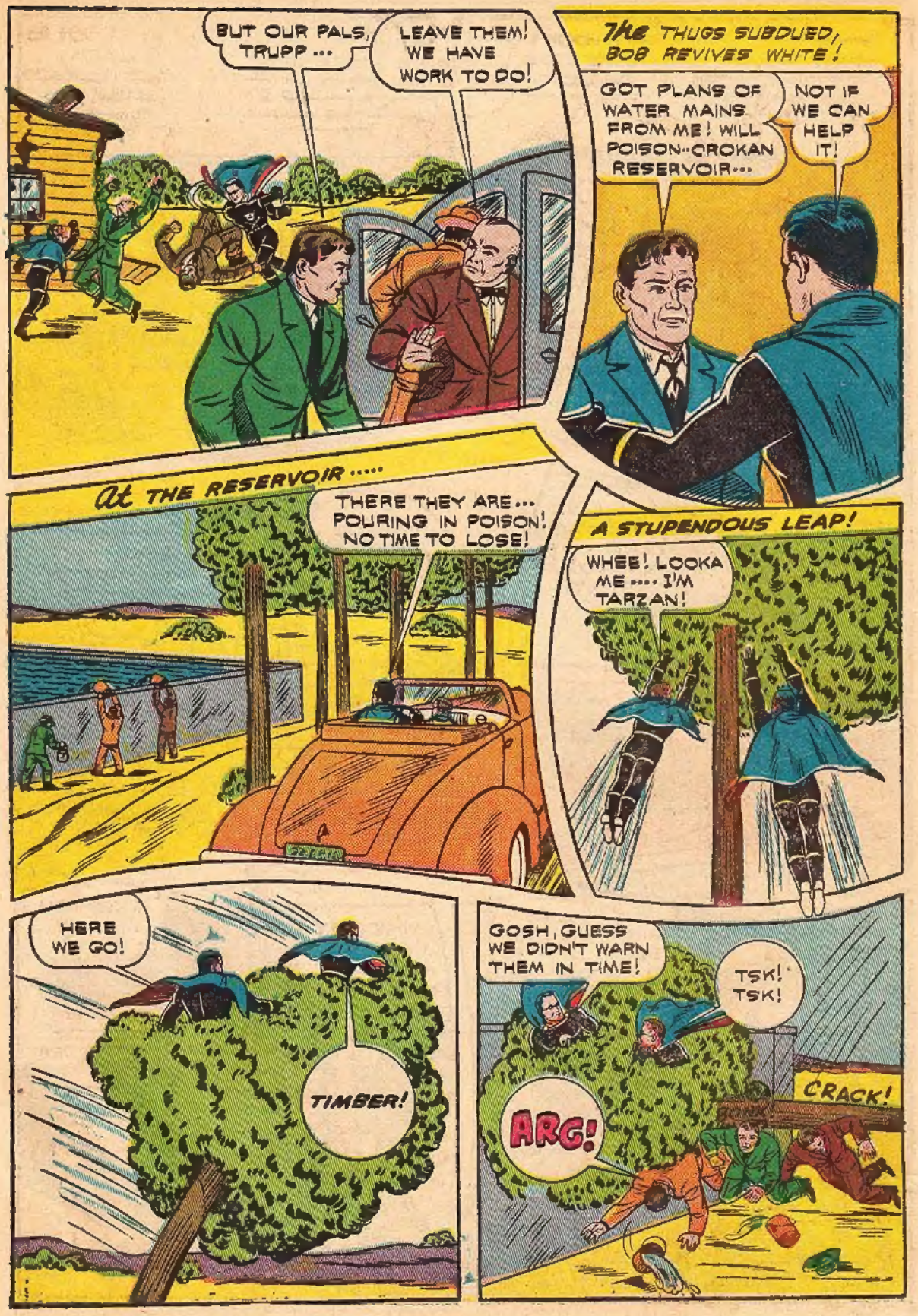

WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PLANES, TIM!
WHERE ARE THE DOORS?
THEY'RE LOCKED!
YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE!
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA!
YOU MEAN... LIKE THIS?
OKAY, BOB, LET 'ER RIP!
RIGHTO...
...HERE SHE COMES!
GOT HER! THAT'S ONE PLANE SAVED!

THINK I'LL CHUCK THIS GAS OUT OF HERE!
THERE HE IS! GO GET HIM!
BOB! WATCH OUT!
WHAT THE···
RATS DESERTING THE BURNING HANGAR!
UF!
UG!
BONK!
THIS IS WHAT WE CALL MEETING THE OVER-HEAD!
DON'T YOU PICK ON MY FRIEND!
SIT DOWN··· YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT!
CAN YOU BOYS USE A TRACTOR?
HELP!
BUT TREACHERY PREVAILS!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM! TIE THEM AND THROW THEM IN THE TRUCK···I'LL BE ALONG LATER!
UG!
SPLAT!

BOUND···· IN A SPEEDING TRUCK···
SNATCH··· ENGINEER··· BELLVILLE···
WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THAT MEANS···LATER!
HOPE THIS WORKS!
YOU MAY BE SORRY THAT IT DOES!
BAM!
OVER THE EDGE!
HEY!
CAREENING WILDLY DOWN-HILL···
HELP!
CRASH!
STAY WITH IT, FELLER!
I'M STAYING!
UG!
OHH!
WOOOOO

GOTTA··· PULL MYSELF TOGETHER··· SAVE TIM····
I'LL THROW THE SWITCH··· SIDE-TRACK-TRAIN····
SWITCH IS JAMMED! CAN'T REACH HIM IN TIME···
A MIRACLE OF STRENGTH!
UP WE GO!
BET JESSE JAMES NEVER HELD UP A TRAIN THIS WAY!
MIGHTY MUSCLES BRACE TO THE TASK!
NEXT DAY····
WISH WE HAD A CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THAT GANG!
HERE COMES JEAN!
WHAT'S UP, JEAN?
THE CITY ENGINEER, ED WHITE, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!
BOB, THOSE THUGS SAID SOMETHING ABOUT AN ENGINEER! THEY MENTIONED BELLVILLE···
THAT'S IT! THEY KIDNAPPED WHITE AND TOOK HIM TO A PLACE ON BELLVILLE ROAD! LET'S GO!


SOON AFTER...
THERE'S THE ONLY PLACE THAT SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
THERE'S THEIR LEADER! I'LL SMACK THE HOUSE FROM ONE SIDE....
...AND I'LL SMACK IT FROM THE OTHER!
CONTACT!
WE'RE OFF!
IT TAKES A HEAP O' PUSHING TO MAKE A HOUSE A WRECK!
CRASH!
FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
BOY, YOU'RE RIGHT ON THE BEAM! OR IT'S ON YOU!
WHATEVER GOES UP, MUST COME DOWN!
HAVE YOU MET MY FEET?

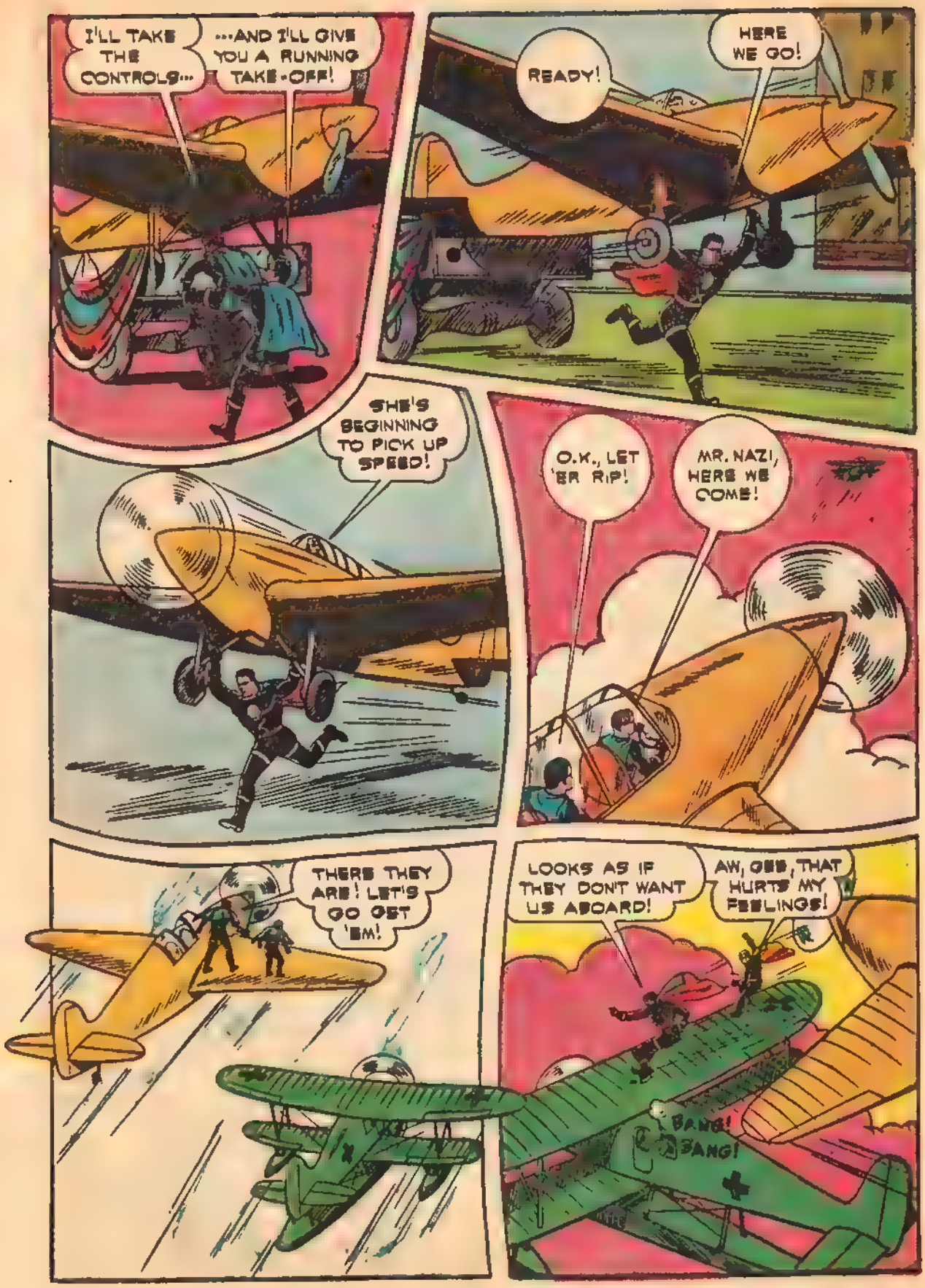

BUT OUR PALS, TRUPP ...
LEAVE THEM! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!
The THUGS SUBDUED, BOB REVIVES WHITE!
GOT PLANS OF WATER MAINS FROM ME! WILL POISON--CROKAN RESERVOIR...
NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT!
At THE RESERVOIR .....
THERE THEY ARE... POURING IN POISON! NO TIME TO LOSE!
A STUPENDOUS LEAP!
WHEE! LOOKA ME .... I'M TARZAN!
HERE WE GO!
TIMBER!
GOSH, GUESS WE DIDN'T WARN THEM IN TIME!
TSK! TSK!
CRACK!
ARG!

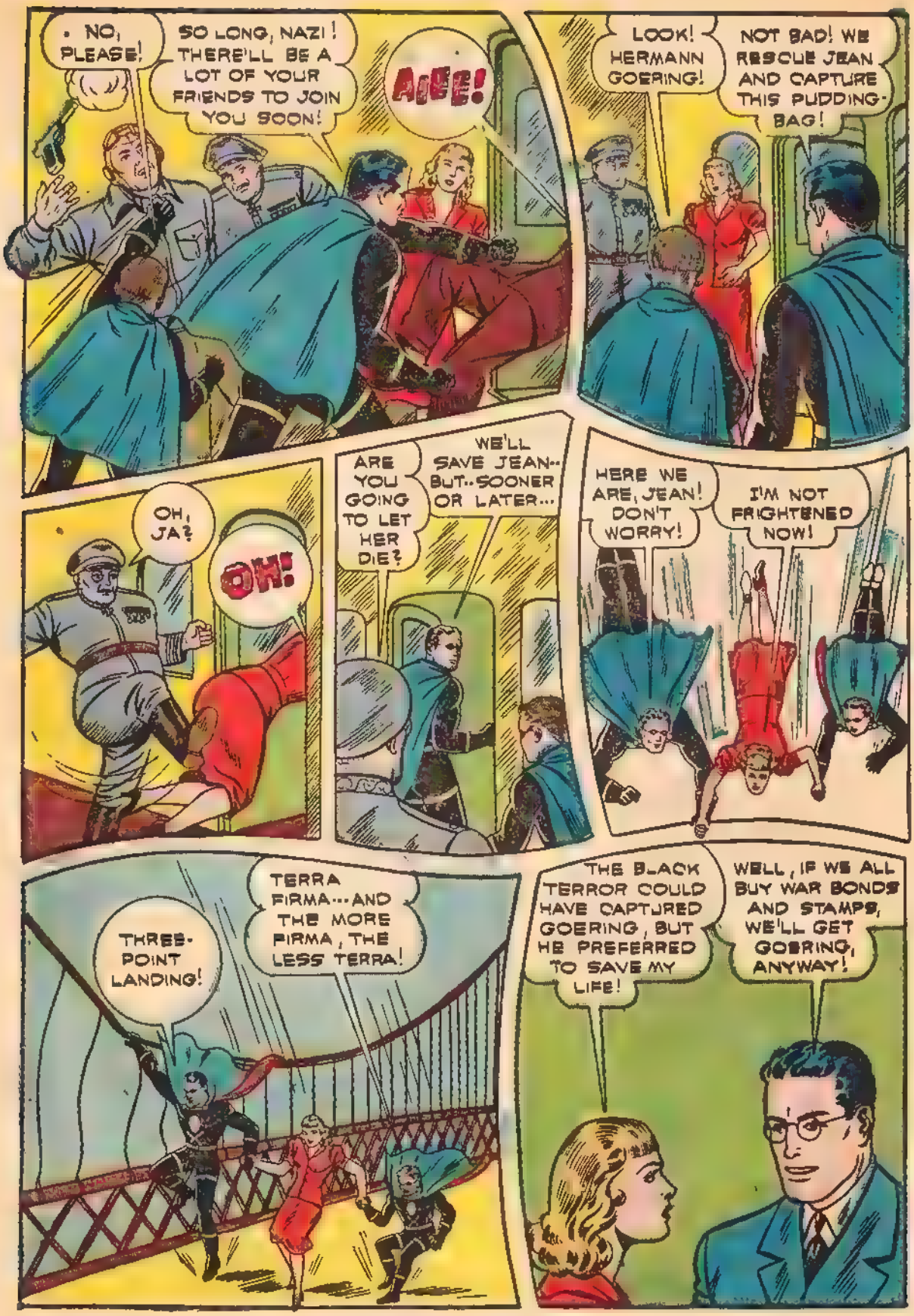
WHEN WOOD MEETS WOOD--
HEY, LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
UF!
THE POST OFFICE SAYS WRAP PACKAGE SECURELY---AND I OBEY THE LAW!
WE'VE GOT TO SHUT OFF THAT POISONED WATER! WE CAN PICK THEM UP LATER!
DIDN'T EXPECT TO GO SWIMMING TODAY!
DARN! AND I JUST HAD THIS OUTFIT PRESSED!
AGAINST A TREMENDOUS CURRENT, THEY FORCE THE FLOODGATES SHUT!
WE'RE GETTING IT, PAL! IT'S ALMOST SHUT OFF!
WHEW! SURE THERE WASN'T A FAUCET WE COULD HAVE SHUT?
They RETURN FOR THEIR PRISONERS!
THEY'VE ESCAPED!
LATER--- ON A NAZI CRUISER IN THE ATLANTIC---
THE BLACK TERROR FOILED MY POISON SCHEME--! BUT THE CHIEF MAINS ARE SHUT OFF WHILE THEY CLEAN OUT THE POLLUTED WATER!
WHAT PLANS DO YOU HAVE?
ONE MAIN RUNS UNDER CENTRAL AVENUE, WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING THE PARADE TOMORROW! I'LL PLANT SOME BOMBS IN THAT MAIN--
---AND I'LL FLY OVER TO SEE THE RESULTS!

NEXT DAY....
WHERE TO, HERR FELDMARSCHAL?
RIGHT OVER THE AMERICAN VICTORY PARADE! I WISH TO SEE TRUPP'S HAVOC!
At THAT MOMENT...
WE'LL LOCK 'ER UP FOR TODAY! I WANT TO SEE THAT PARADE!
HURRY UP, OR WE'LL MISS THE TANKS!
At THE PARADE...
BOB---THAT MAN ON THE ROOF OVER THERE---HE'S ONE OF THE THUGS!
JEAN, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME! THE SUN'S GIVEN ME A HEADACHE AND TIM'S TAKING ME HOME!
SISSY! I'M STAYING!
MOMENTS LATER...
THERE HE IS!
GOTT IN HIMMEL! THOSE TWO AGAIN!
THIS WAY, TIM! SAVES TIME!
SOMETHING'S COOKING AROUND HERE---AND IT AIN'T HEALTHY!

I THOUGHT THIS KINDA THING ONLY HAPPENED IN DREAMS!
THE BLACK TERROR IS A DREAM COME TRUE!
THERE'S A STEEL DOOR!
THERE WAS A STEEL DOOR!
SMASH!
THE ENTRANCE TO THE WATER-MAIN!
I BEGIN TO CATCH ON!
BANG!
OOF!
I'LL TAKE THAT!
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BANG-UP AFFAIR, PAL!
UG!
WE'VE GOT TO HURRY! THESE THINGS ARE LIT!
THE SHORTEST WAY OUT IS UP!
The PARADE IS INTERRUPTED!
GREETINGS, PALS! DON'T LET US BOTHER YOU!
WE'LL BE OUT OF THE WAY IN A MOMENT!
CR-RACK!

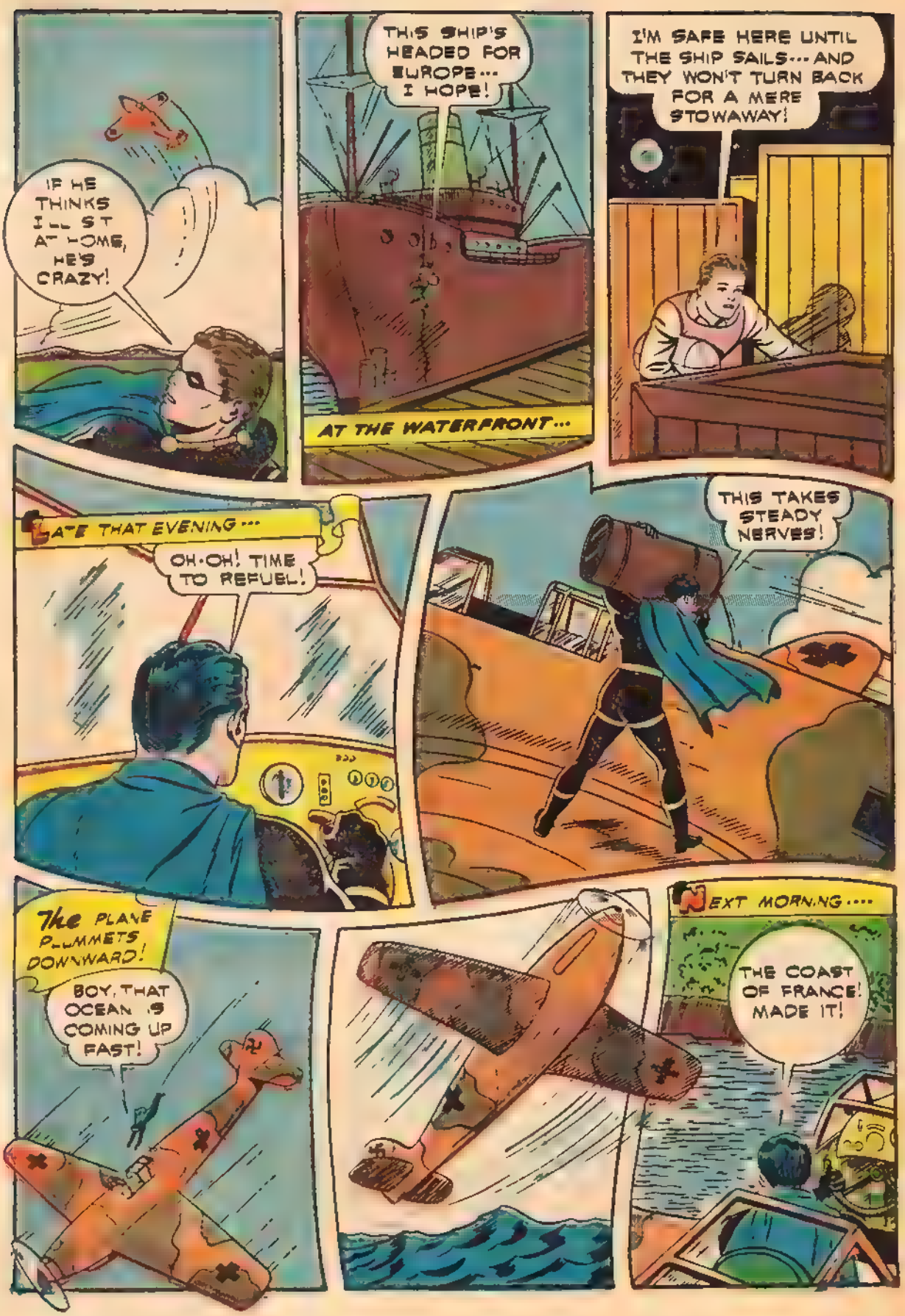
THESE LITTLE BUNDLES WERE INTENDED FOR YOU BOYS!
BLAM!
THOSE TWO HAVE SAVED HUNDREDS OF LIVES!
HURRAY FOR THE BLACK TERROR.
HI, JEAN!
CURSES! I'LL FIRE THIS ROCKET AND ESCAPE!
HIGH ABOVE ... IN GOERING'S PLANE ...
THERE'S TRUPP'S SIGNAL!
GO DOWN AND PICK HIM UP!
HERE YOU ARE, BOYS, SOME TENANTS FOR THE TOMBS.
YOU'RE HIS FRIEND, EH? I'LL HAVE REVENGE!
HELP!
YOU'VE SPOILED MY PLANS, BUT I'VE GOT YOUR GIRL-FRIEND!
BOB! LOOK!
JEAN! WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THEM QUICKLY!
HEY! THERE'S A PLANE ON THAT FLOAT!


I'LL TAKE THE CONTROLS...
...AND I'LL GIVE YOU A RUNNING TAKE-OFF!
READY!
HERE WE GO!
SHE'S BEGINNING TO PICK UP SPEED!
O.K., LET 'ER RIP!
MR. NAZI, HERE WE COME!
THERE THEY ARE! LET'S GO GET 'EM!
LOOKS AS IF THEY DON'T WANT US ABOARD!
AW, GEE, THAT HURTS MY FEELINGS!
BANG!
BANG!

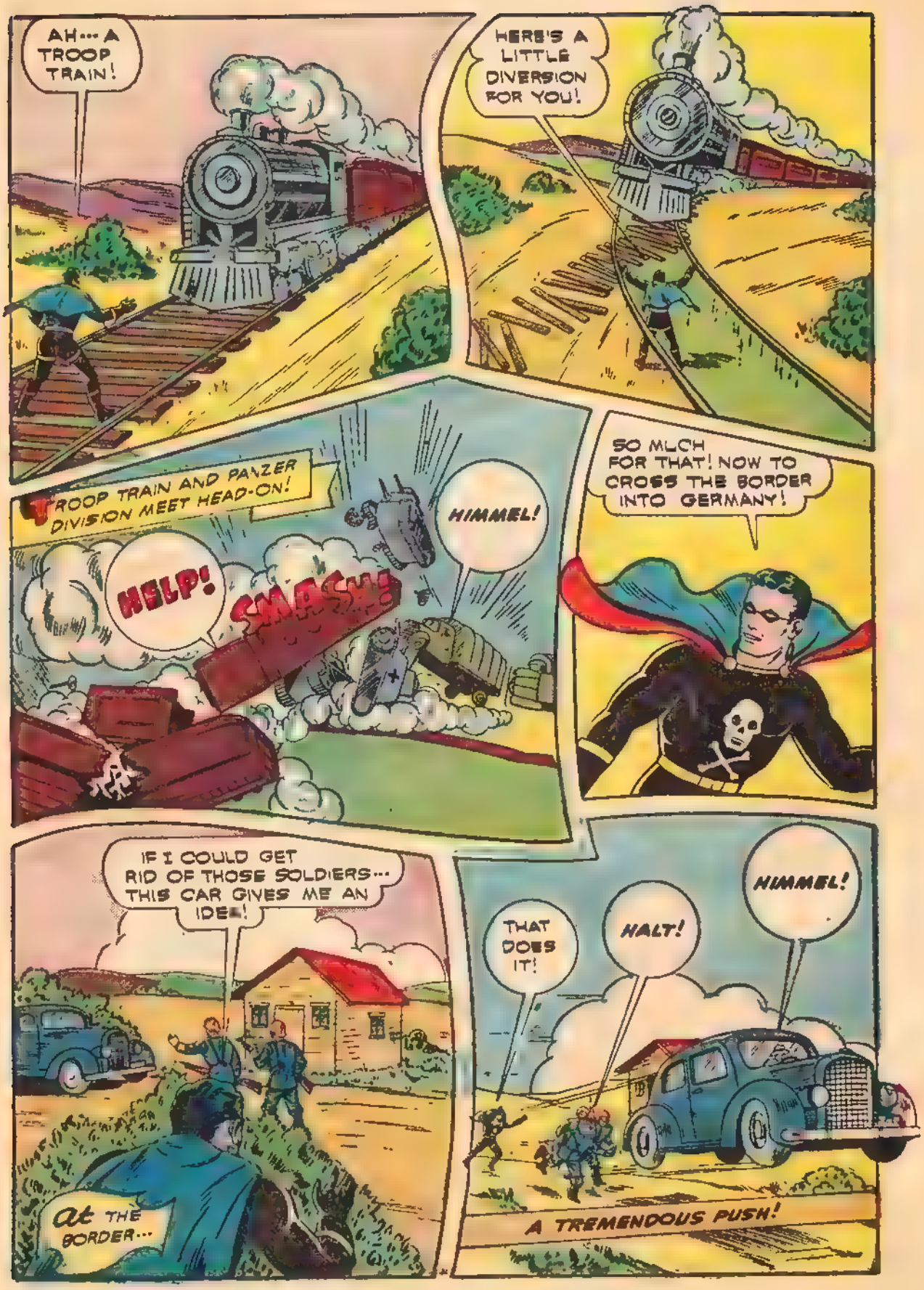

NO, PLEASE!
SO LONG, NAZI! THERE'LL BE A LOT OF YOUR FRIENDS TO JOIN YOU SOON!
AIEE!
LOOK! HERMANN GOERING!
NOT BAD! WE RESCUE JEAN AND CAPTURE THIS PUDDING-BAG!
OH, JA?
OH!
ARE YOU GOING TO LET HER DIE?
WE'LL SAVE JEAN-- BUT--SOONER OR LATER...
HERE WE ARE, JEAN! DON'T WORRY!
I'M NOT FRIGHTENED NOW!
THREE-POINT LANDING!
TERRA FIRMA--AND THE MORE FIRMA, THE LESS TERRA!
THE BLACK TERROR COULD HAVE CAPTURED GOERING, BUT HE PREFERRED TO SAVE MY LIFE!
WELL, IF WE ALL BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS, WE'LL GET GOERING, ANYWAY!

The BLACK TERROR
FORMIC ETHERS PRODUCE TITANIC STRENGTH IN YOUNG BOB BENTON, WHO BATTLES THE EVIL GESTAPO AS THE BLACK TERROR!

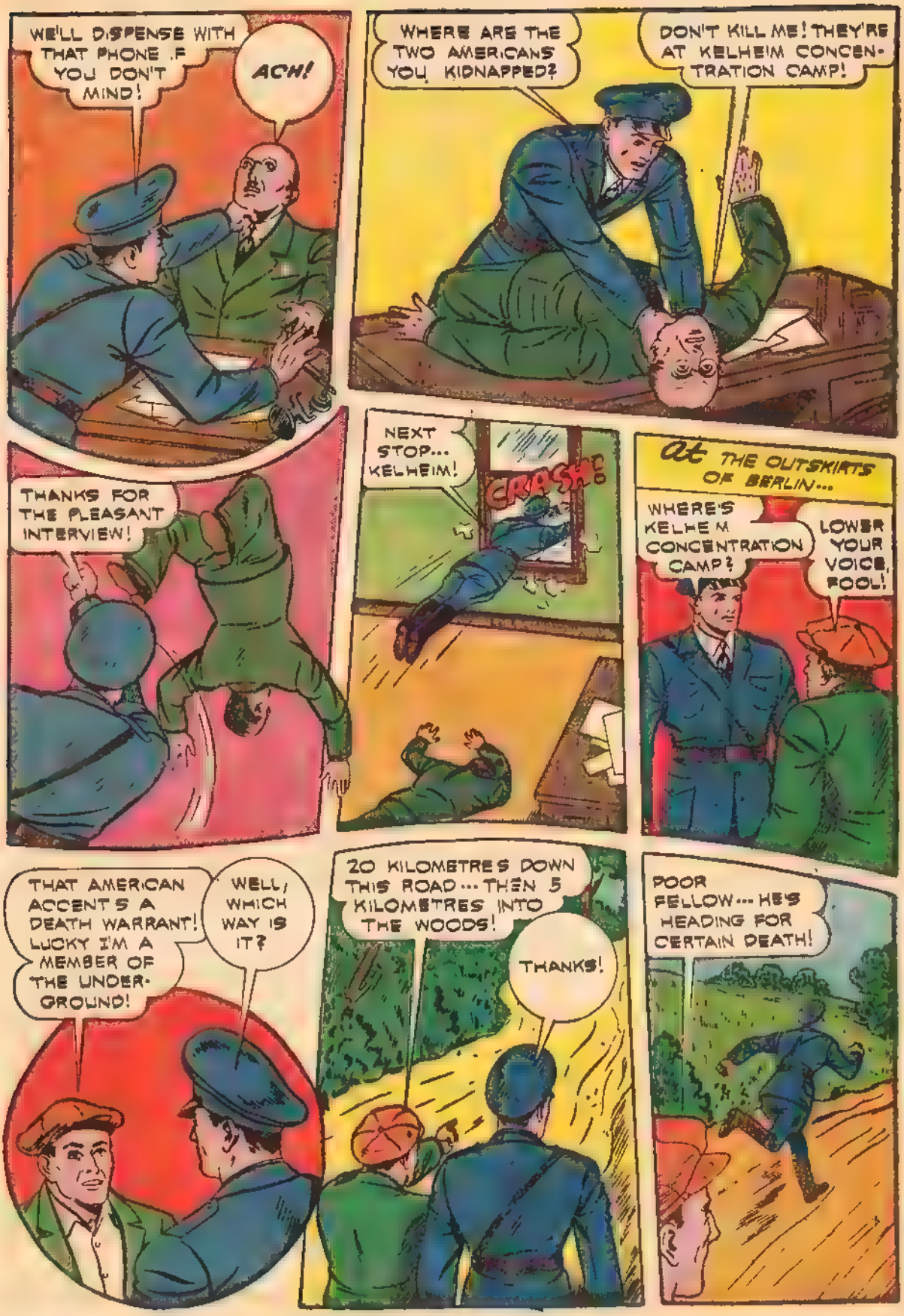
IN A ROOM ABOVE BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...
I WISH JEAN HADN'T GONE TO VICHY WITH THE MAYOR TO RESCUE THOSE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MEN!
SAY... I NEVER GOT A GERMAN STATION ON THIS WAVE-LENGTH BEFORE!
THIS IS THE UNDERGROUND! WE HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT THE AMERICAN EMISSARY AND HIS SECRETARY HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO GERMANY BY THE GESTAPO!
GREAT SCOTT!
NO WONDER WE HAVEN'T HEARD!
GEE, BOB... ARE WE FINALLY GETTING SOME ACTION?
A NEARBY AIRFIELD...
THAT'LL DO THE TRICK... BUT I'LL NEED EXTRA GAS!
THIS MESSERSCHMITT CAPTURED IN LIBYA
TAKE CARE OF THE SOLDIER, TIM, WHILE I LOAD THIS!
HEY! WHATRE YOU...
SORRY, BUD! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!
SOCK!
HEY, BOB! WAIT FOR ME!
SORRY, TIM! THERE'S ROOM FOR ONLY ONE!


IF HE THINKS I'LL ST AT HOME, HE'S CRAZY!
THIS SHIP'S HEADED FOR EUROPE... I HOPE!
AT THE WATERFRONT...
I'M SAFE HERE UNTIL THE SHIP SAILS... AND THEY WON'T TURN BACK FOR A MERE STOWAWAY!
LATE THAT EVENING...
OH-OH! TIME TO REFUEL!
THIS TAKES STEADY NERVES!
The PLANE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD!
BOY, THAT OCEAN IS COMING UP FAST!
NEXT MORNING....
THE COAST OF FRANCE! I MADE IT!

A NAZI PANZER DIVISION! THIS'LL BE FUN!
A NATIVE RETURNS!
CRASH!
HEEL, HEEL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!
UG!
SORRY... I CAN USE THIS!
OH!
WAH!!
HOPE MY AIM IS GOOD!
BACKFIRED... JUST AS I HOPED!
BOOM!
THE RIFLE JAMS THE SHELL, AND...
COME ON... SUCKERS! CHASE ME!

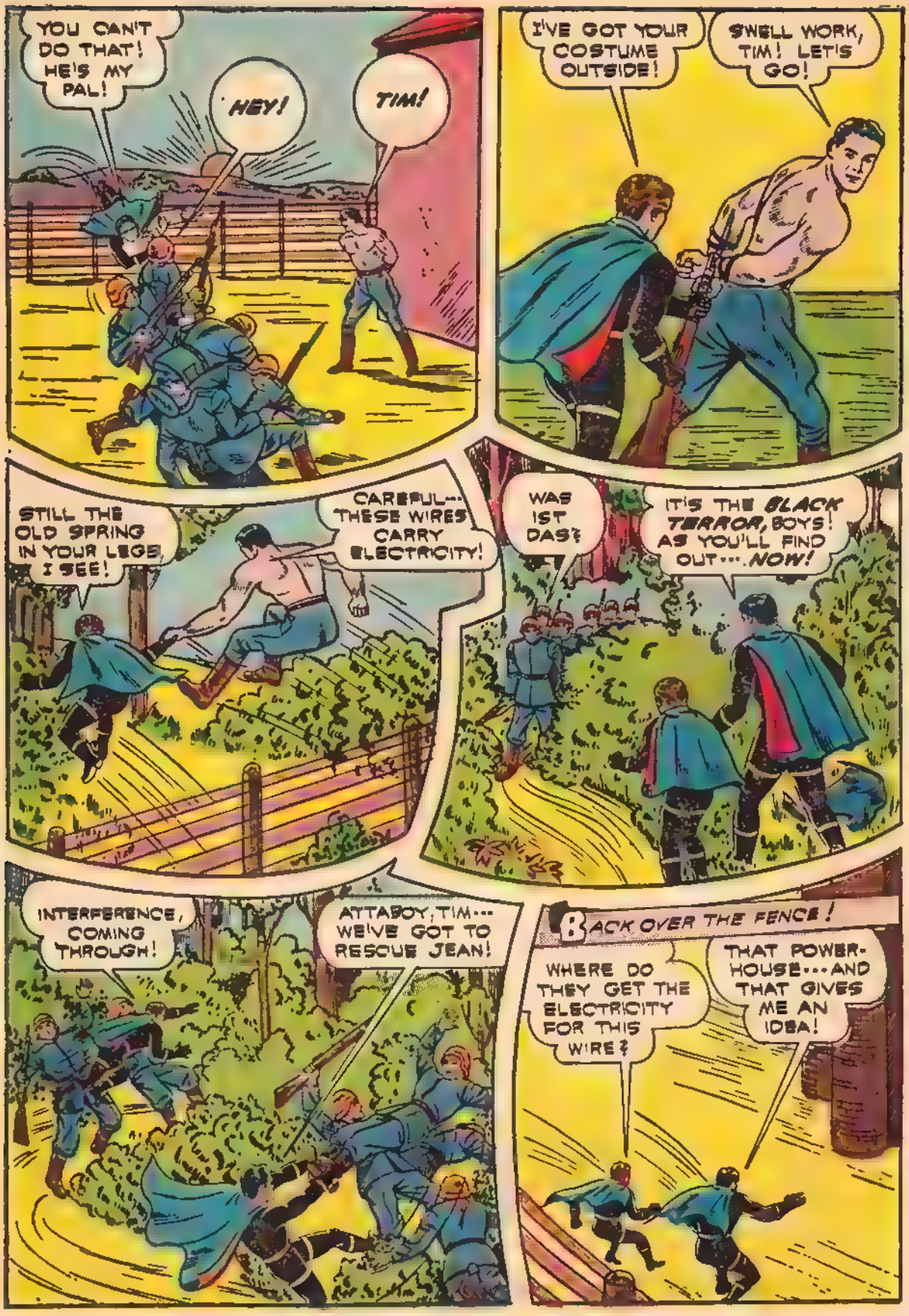

AH··· A TROOP TRAIN!
HERE'S A LITTLE DIVERSION FOR YOU!
TROOP TRAIN AND PANZER DIVISION MEET HEAD-ON!
HELP!
SMASH!
HIMMEL!
SO MUCH FOR THAT! NOW TO CROSS THE BORDER INTO GERMANY!
IF I COULD GET RID OF THOSE SOLDIERS··· THIS CAR GIVES ME AN IDEA!
At THE BORDER···
THAT DOES IT!
HALT!
HIMMEL!
A TREMENDOUS PUSH!

In THE SENTRY HOUSE...
SPARE UNIFORMS! THIS'LL DO NICELY!
PERFECT COSTUME FOR TOURING NAZILAND!
NO USE WALKING WHEN I CAN RIDE!
LATER...IN BERLIN...
GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS! JUST WHERE I'M GOING!
HALT...
ARGH!
OUT OF THE WAY, BUD!
BANG!
THIS MUST BE HIMMLER'S OFFICE--I HOPE!
YOU BOYS HAVE HEARD OF RIFLE CLUBS, NO DOUBT!
AHH!
BOP!
BOP!
FIRST I'LL LOCK THE DOOR... AND NOW MR. HIMMLER...
WAS IST?
Inside...


WE'LL DISPENSE WITH THAT PHONE IF YOU DON'T MIND!
ACH!
WHERE ARE THE TWO AMERICANS YOU KIDNAPPED?
DON'T KILL ME! THEY'RE AT KELHEIM CONCENTRATION CAMP!
THANKS FOR THE PLEASANT INTERVIEW!
NEXT STOP... KELHEIM!
CRASH!
at THE OUTSKIRTS OF BERLIN...
WHERE'S KELHEIM CONCENTRATION CAMP?
LOWER YOUR VOICE, FOOL!
THAT AMERICAN ACCENT'S A DEATH WARRANT! LUCKY I'M A MEMBER OF THE UNDERGROUND!
WELL, WHICH WAY IS IT?
20 KILOMETRES DOWN THIS ROAD... THEN 5 KILOMETRES INTO THE WOODS!
THANKS!
POOR FELLOW... HE'S HEADING FOR CERTAIN DEATH!

SO THIS IS KELHEIM CONCENTRATION CAMP!
TAKE THAT! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
UF!
WAK!
HE IS THROWN INTO A CELL!
I'LL NEVER TELL YOU... NEVER!
THAT WAS JEAN'S VOICE!
UG!
OK!
THE OTHERS CATCH HIM OFF BALANCE!
INSIDE, DOG!
ESCAPE NOW... IF YOU CAN!
YOU WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD, YANKEE PIG!
HE'S A STOWAWAY, OFFICER!
WHAT'S IN YOUR BUNDLE, LITTLE MAN?
MEANWHILE.... TIM'S BOAT DOCKS IN ENGLAND!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!
BONK!
I SAY...
SORRY, OLD MAN!
THIS OUGHTA GET ME ACROSS THE CHANNEL!
As HE APPROACHES THE SHORE OF EUROPE...
OH-OH! RECEPTION COMMITTEE! BUT THEY'RE NOT SOLDIERS!
YOU'RE SAFE, BOY! WE'RE MEMBERS OF THE UNDER-GROUND!
THAT'S A BREAK!
I'M LOOKING FOR A FRIEND OF MINE.... ANOTHER AMERICAN WHO...
YOU'RE TOO LATE... HE'S TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISE!
At KELHEIM CONCENTRATION CAMP...
IF THEY HIT MY HEAD I'M DONE FOR!


YOU CAN'T DO THAT! HE'S MY PAL!
HEY!
TIM!
I'VE GOT YOUR COSTUME OUTSIDE!
SWELL WORK, TIM! LET'S GO!
STILL THE OLD SPRING IN YOUR LEGS, I SEE!
CAREFUL--- THESE WIRES CARRY ELECTRICITY!
WAS IST DAS?
IT'S THE BLACK TERROR, BOYS! AS YOU'LL FIND OUT---NOW!
INTERFERENCE, COMING THROUGH!
ATTABOY, TIM--- WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE JEAN!
BACK OVER THE FENCE!
WHERE DO THEY GET THE ELECTRICITY FOR THIS WIRE?
THAT POWER-HOUSE---AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

THIS SMOKESTACK'LL MAKE A GOOD WEAPON!
THAT FIXES THE BARRACKS...AND MOST OF THE SOLDIERS!
CRASH!
Then...AT THE FURNACE PIT UNCOVERED....
AND THIS'LL FINISH THE REST OF 'EM!
FORE!
YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE WHEN YOU TACKLE THE BLACK TERROR!
BOY, ARE THEY BURNED UP!
THESE ARE THE CELLS, OVER HERE!
DOWN IN THE DUNGEONS...
TERROR! I HOPED YOU'D COME!
THE REST OF THE PRISONERS ARE THE AMERICANS WE CAME FOR! THE NAZIS DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!
WE'LL RESCUE THEM ALL!

WITH THE PRISONERS FREED...
THEY MUST HAVE CALLED FOR HELP!
HE'S STRAFING US!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
RAT-TAT-TAT
HIT THE DIRT... EVERYBODY!
LOOKS LIKE FUN... MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
TRY IT WITHOUT A PARACHUTE JUST THIS ONCE!
YI-II!
A TRANSPORT PLANE... JUST WHAT I NEED!
GEE... I BET IT'S FUN TO BE IN A CIRCUS!

OOPS ··· I FORGOT TO KNOCK!
CRASH!
SORRY, BOYS ··· THE BLACK TERROR'S TAKING OVER!
GOLLY ··· IT'LL BE TOUGH GETTING IN, LET ALONE GETTING OUT!
A PANCAKE LANDING!
HE MADE IT! COME ON, EVERYBODY!
CR-RUMP!
EVERYBODY'S ABOARD, TERROR!
HOW CAN WE TAKE OFF WITH THE LANDING GEAR BROKEN?
NEVER MIND THAT ··· GET IN AND PILOT IT!
Then··· A HUMAN CATAPULT!
UPSA-DAISY!

The PLANE DROPS BACK, HOVERS FOR A DIZZYING SECOND, THEN···!
WE MADE IT! NOW TO PICK UP THE TERROR!
ALLEY-OOP! LET'S GO, AMERICA!
ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO THE ENGLISH COAST!
SPITFIRES! THEY THINK WE'RE NAZIS!
I'LL STOP THEM!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! HE'S SIGNALLING THAT THEY'RE ESCAPED PRISONERS!
THEY LAND SAFELY!
A GREAT PIECE OF WORK···GREAT! WHO ARE YOU?
THANKS! BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT!
Back HOME··· IN THE U.S.A.!
I SUPPOSE THE BLACK TERROR RESCUED YOU AGAIN!
HMPH! WHAT'S THE USE OF TELLING YOU ABOUT HIM!
WELL··· IF I SAVED YOU, I WOULDN'T RUN AWAY AFTERWARD!
JOIN THE BLACK TERROR AND TIM IN BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

MONEY ON ICE

A Herbie Johnson Story by DONALD BAYNE HOBART

HERBIE JOHNSON loved to go ice skating when he was visiting his grandfather, who lived out in the country in a big house at the lower end of a lake just two miles south of the nearest town.

"I didn't know that you could skate so well, Grandfather," said the boy as he and the old man glided about on the frozen lake. "You're better than I am on skates."

"But I get tired very easily," said Mr. Johnson. "It's getting late—going to be dark soon and I don't want to be out after night. There have been some prowlers around holding up people and robbing them. I'll sit on the bank and watch you for a while, Herbie."

"All right, Grandfather," said the boy. "And I'll remember not to skate out to the place in the center of the lake where the ice is thin and dangerous."

THERE were just the two of them skating on the lake. Herbie watched the old man go over and seat himself on a stump on the bank. The boy glanced at the road that ran from his grandfather's house to the town. There was a car coming along the road toward the lake.

"Watch me do figure eights. Grandfather," called out Herbie as he skated around. "See!"

He stopped as he saw two hard-faced men stop the car and get out and hurry toward his grandfather. Herbie remembered what Mr. Johnson had said about people being held up and robbed and he didn't like the looks of those two men. He skated close to the bank.

"Quick, throw me your wallet, Grandfather," he said. "There are two men coming and they look like they might be robbers! I'll get away!"

Mr. Johnson glanced over

his shoulder. He saw the faces of the two men and then he reached into his pocket and pulled out the wallet containing his money and threw it to Herbie. It fell on the ice, but Herbie grabbed it up quickly.

"Hey, come back here, kid," called one of the men as he ran out onto the ice. "We want that dough!"

He slipped as he tried to chase the boy across the ice and fell. "Come back here," he shouted again.

"Take it easy, Joe," said the other man. "Come back here and keep the old guy from getting away. I'll get the kid."

"All right, Bill," the other man got up and went back to the shore of the lake.

BILL picked up the skates that Mr. Johnson had taken off. He put them on his feet quickly for they worked with a key. Then he glided out on the ice and Herbie found that the man could skate swiftly. The boy thought fast.

There was only one thing that he could do if he hoped to save his grandfather's money.

Herbie skated straight out across the lake, with the man called Bill getting closer and closer to him all of the time. They reached the thin ice and Herbie heard it cracking beneath him but it held and he skated across it safely.

The man was not so lucky, for he weighed much more than the boy. The ice broke beneath him and he went plunging down into the cold water. He was floundering around, trying to save himself, but only breaking more ice.

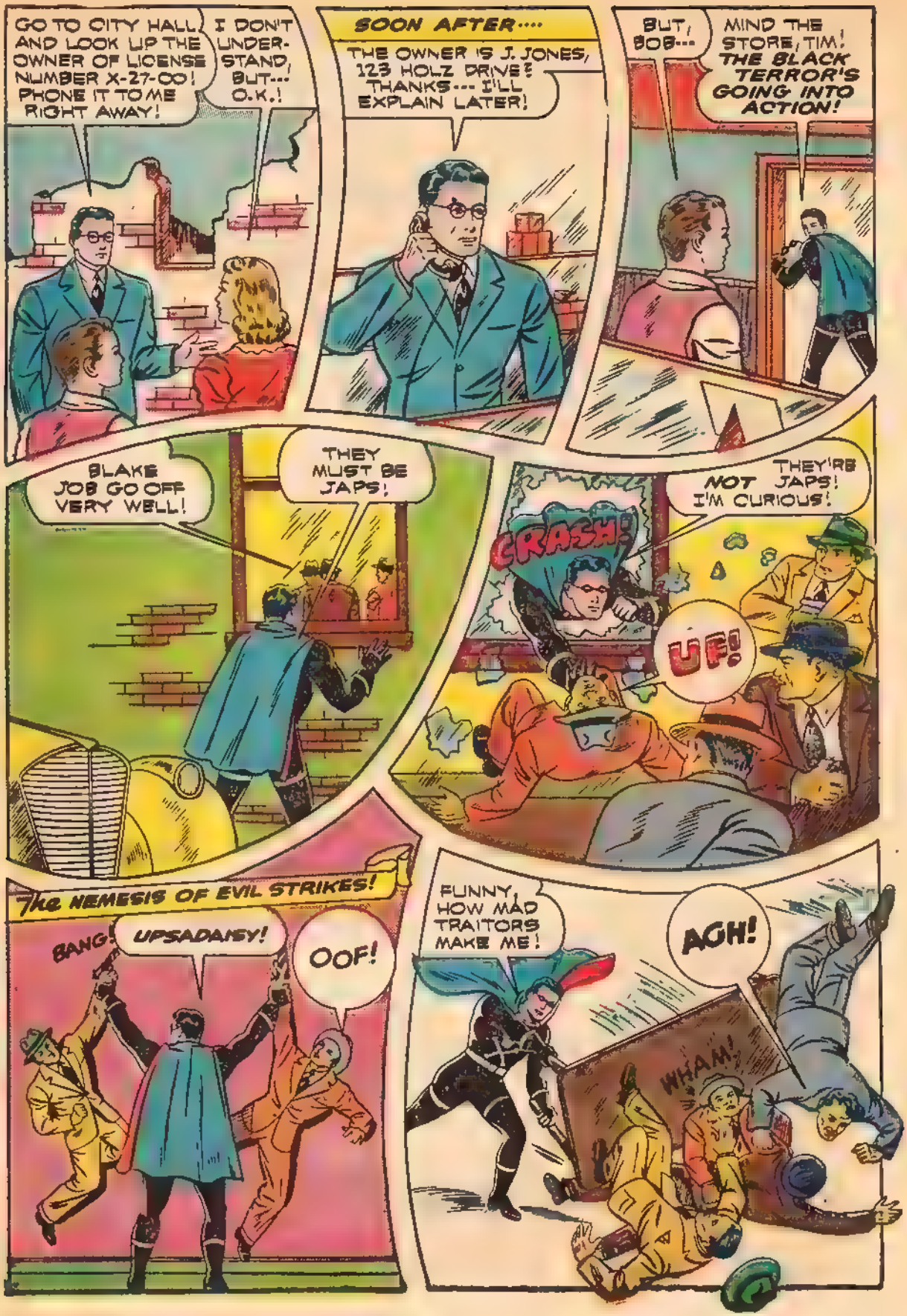
Just then a police car came along the road and stopped. Two officers got out of the car. They saved the man who had fallen through the ice and then arrested the two hold-up men.

"That was quick thinking on your part, Herbie," said Mr. Johnson. "You saved me—and the money—and I'm very proud of you!"

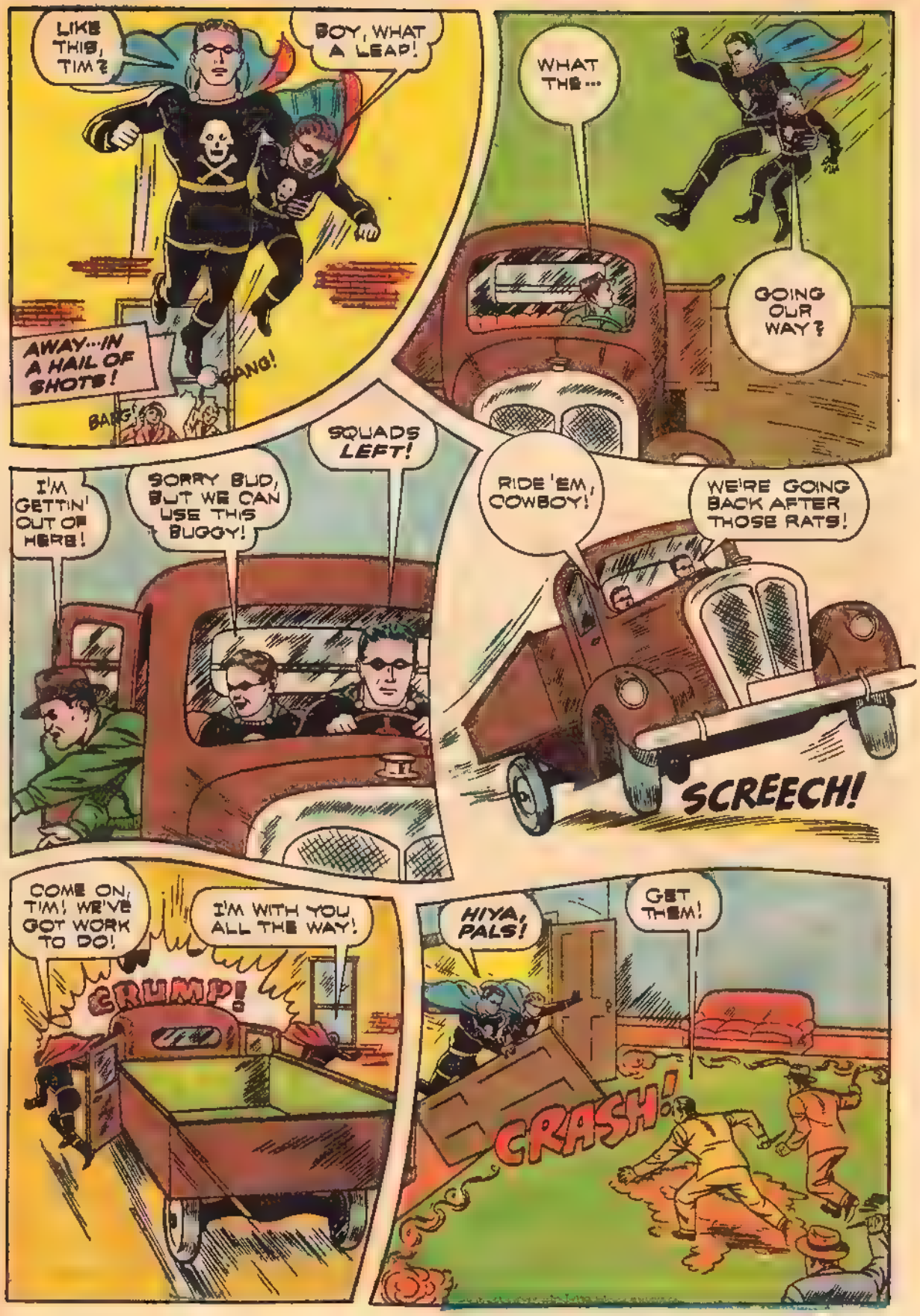
A Fast-Thinking Boy Outwits a Couple of Bad Skates!

The BLACK TERROR
BOB BENTON, MEEK YOUNG DRUGGIST, ADOPTS A SECRET ROLE TO CRASH HEAD-ONG INTO AMERICA'S ENEMIES AS THE BLACK TERROR, NEMESIS OF EVIL!

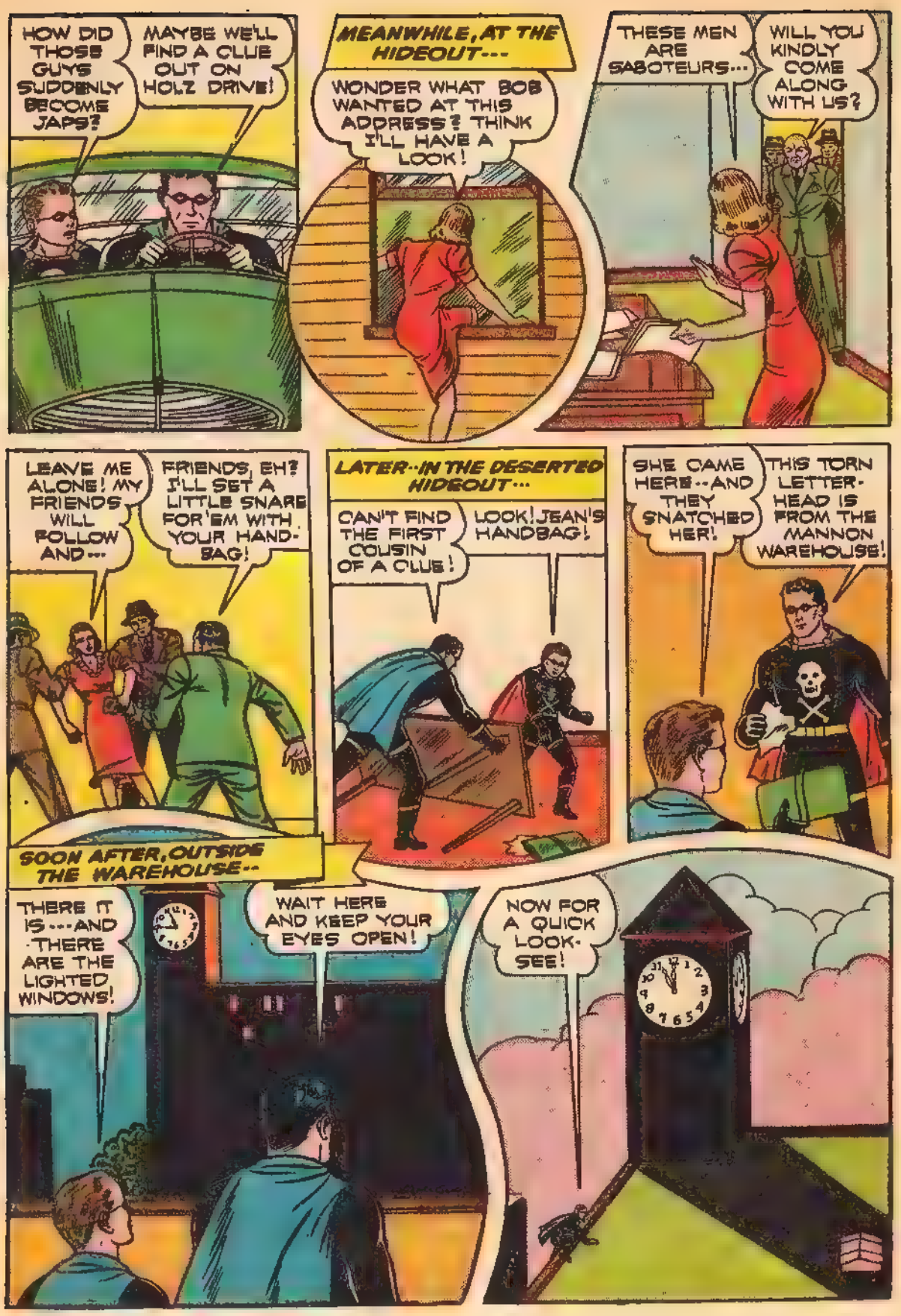
BERLIN ···
HOW CAN JAP AGENTS SABOTAGE AMERICA? THEIR FACES STAMP THEIR NATIONALITY!
WE SEND DR. METZ THERE! HE'LL OPERATE ON THEM SO THEY CAN PASS AS OCCIDENTALS!
MONTHS LATER ··· IN A HIDEOUT IN AMERICA
AMAZING, DR. METZ! ITO NOW LOOK LIKE WHITE MAN!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE EFFECT OF THIS INJECTO-OPERATION WILL WEAR OFF!
WE DO PLENTY SABOTAGE WHILE IT LASTS··· THEN COME BACK FOR MORE INJECTION!
NEARBY···
A NEW WAVE OF SABOTAGE! AND JAPS CAN'T DO IT BECAUSE THEY'RE SO EASILY RECOG··
WATCH OUT, BOB!
CAR A-COMIN'!
CRAZY FOOL!
RECOGNIZE THEM, TIM?
NO, BUT I GOT THEIR NUMBER,··· X-27-00!
LATER··IN BOB'S STORE··
THERE'S BEEN AN EXPLOSION AT THE BLAKE PLANT! BRING ALL THE FIRST-AID MATERIAL YOU'VE GOT!
RIGHT WITH YOU, JEAN!
At THE PLANT···
THE MEN WHO THREW THAT BOMB ES-CAPED IN A YELLOW ROADSTER!
HEAR THAT, BOB?


GO TO CITY HALL AND LOOK UP THE OWNER OF LICENSE NUMBER X-27-00! PHONE IT TO ME RIGHT AWAY!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BUT... O.K.!
SOON AFTER....
THE OWNER IS J. JONES, 123 HOLZ DRIVE? THANKS... I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
BUT, BOB...
MIND THE STORE, TIM! THE BLACK TERROR'S GOING INTO ACTION!
BLAKE JOB GO OFF VERY WELL!
THEY MUST BE JAPS!
CRASH!
THEY'RE NOT JAPS! I'M CURIOUS!
UF!
The NEMESIS OF EVIL STRIKES!
BANG!
UPSADAISY!
OOF!
FUNNY, HOW MAD TRAITORS MAKE ME!
AGH!
WHAM!

I FIX THIS FOOL WITH POISON RING!
YOU LIKE THIS?
SHOO, FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME!
STRANGE... PIN-PRICKS... FEEL FUNNY...
CAPTURED!
NOW WE FIX FOOLISH MEDDLER!
DO YOUR WORST, YOU DIRTY TRAITOR!
WHILE OUTSIDE ....
GLAD I TAGGED ALONG! THINK I'LL TAKE THESE FIRE-CRACKERS WITH ME!
PREPARE TO MEET ANCESTORS!
HOLY CATS! NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!
HI, FELLERS!
POP!
POP!
BANG!
AH-H!
GREAT WORK, TIM!
BETTER HURRY, TIM! THEY'LL BE BACK!
I'M A-WHITTLIN', MARSE BOB!

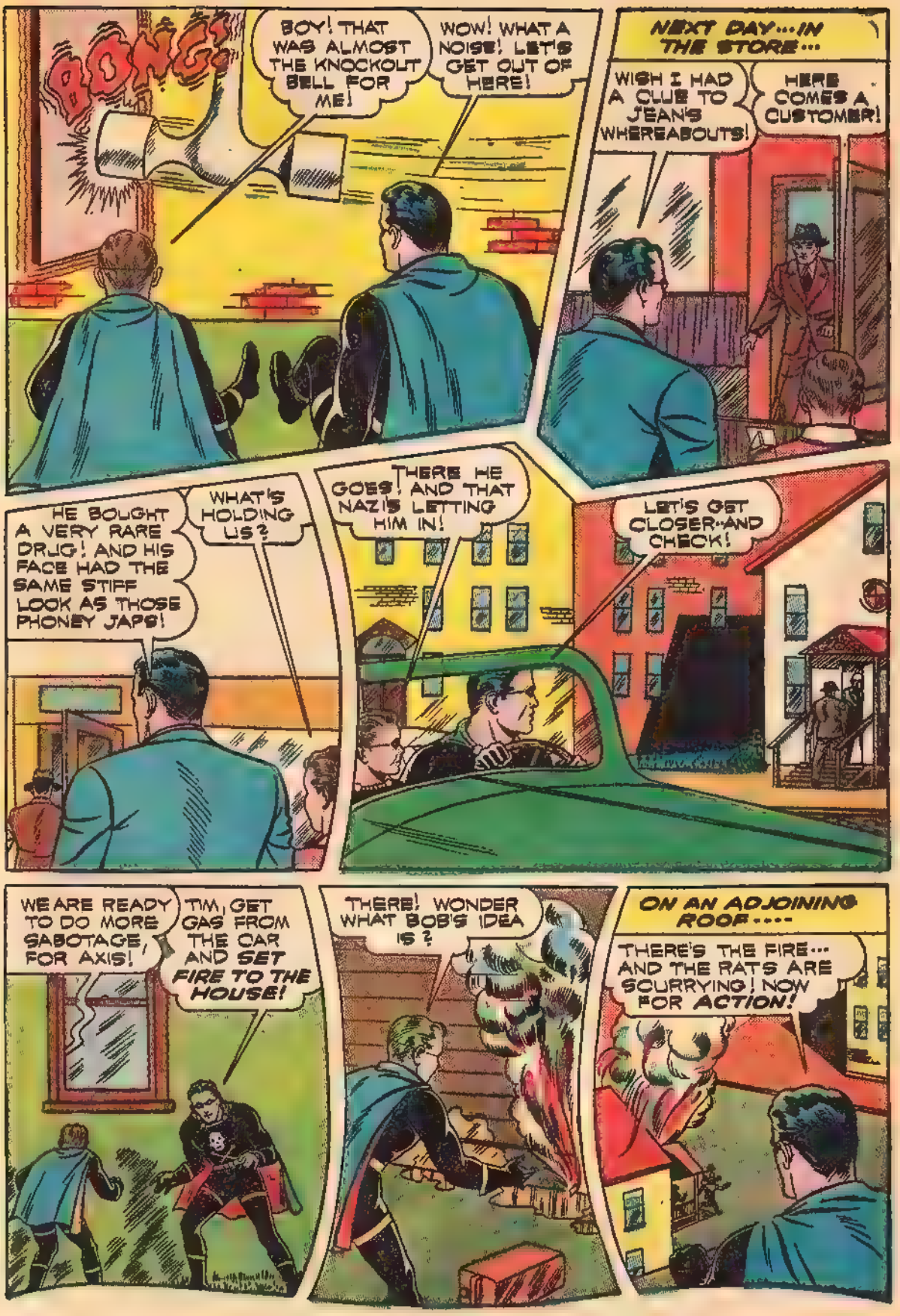

LIKE THIS, TIM?
BOY, WHAT A LEAP!
AWAY...IN A HAIL OF SHOTS!
BANG!
BARG!
WHAT THE...
GOING OUR WAY?
SQUADS LEFT!
I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
SORRY BUD, BUT WE CAN USE THIS BUGGY!
RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!
WE'RE GOING BACK AFTER THOSE RATS!
SCREECH!
COME ON, TIM! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY!
CRUMP!
HIYA, PALS!
GET THEM!
CRASH!

HEAVE-HO, ME HEARTY!
YI!
KEEP 'EM ROLLING!
SNUG AS BUGS IN A RUG!
YOU BOYS ARE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE!
LOOK AFTER...
WHAT IN THE WORLD..
GREETINGS! GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU!
HERE ARE YOUR BLAKE SABOTEURS
LOOK! THEY'RE JAPS!
INJECTION MUST HAVE WORN OFF!
HEY! COME BACK!
SORRY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

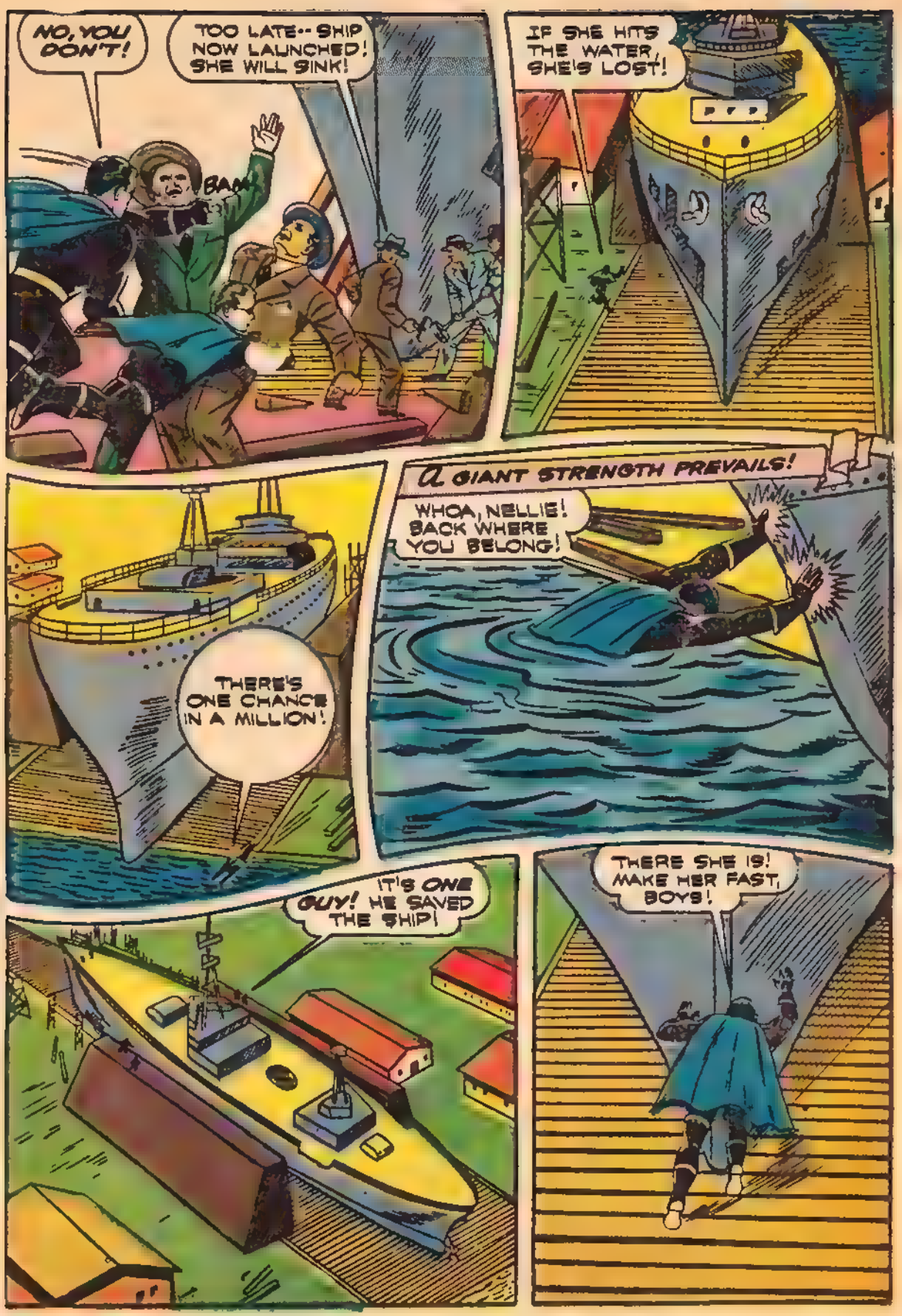

HOW DID THOSE GUYS SUDDENLY BECOME JAPS?
MAYBE WE'LL FIND A CLUE OUT ON HOLZ DRIVE!
MEANWHILE, AT THE HIDEOUT---
WONDER WHAT BOB WANTED AT THIS ADDRESS? THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK!
THESE MEN ARE SABOTEURS...
WILL YOU KINDLY COME ALONG WITH US?
LEAVE ME ALONE! MY FRIENDS WILL FOLLOW AND...
FRIENDS, EH? I'LL SET A LITTLE SNARE FOR 'EM WITH YOUR HAND-BAG!
LATER--IN THE DESERTED HIDEOUT...
CAN'T FIND THE FIRST COUSIN OF A CLUE!
LOOK! JEAN'S HANDBAG!
SHE CAME HERE--AND THEY SNATCHED HER!
THIS TORN LETTER-HEAD IS FROM THE MANNON WAREHOUSE!
SOON AFTER, OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE--
THERE IT IS---AND THERE ARE THE LIGHTED WINDOWS!
WAIT HERE AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!
NOW FOR A QUICK LOOK-SEE!

HEIL HITLER!
BANZAI!
JUST AS I THOUGHT... JAPONAZIS!
I THINK I'LL... OOF!
AHHH!
DOWN..INTO A TRAP!
AH, READY FOR ME, I SEE!
WRAP HIM UP!
TAKE HIM TO THE CLOCK-TOWER!
DON'T BOTHER! I KNOW THE TIME!
Inside THE GIANT CLOCK!
AT EXACTLY TWELVE, YOUR WHEEL WILL MESH WITH THE OTHER ONE, AND YOU WILL BE CRUSHED! FARE-WELL, FOOL!
In THE GRIP OF INEXOR-ABLE TIME!
IF I CAN JUST GET ONE FOOT FREE... AND KICK THAT WHEEL...

SAY--WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE HANDS ON THAT CLOCK--- WIGGLING BACK AND FORTH--?
OUTSIDE---
IT'S SEMAPHORE SIGNALS---H-E-L-P! I'M ON MY WAY!
LOOKS--LIKE CURTAINS--FOR THE BLACK TERROR---
A PAL TO THE RESCUE!
HOLY SMOKE!
GUESS I JUST CAN'T TRUST YOU TO GO 'ROUND ALONE!
TIM! WATCH OUT!
A GIANT HAMMER SWINGS!
WHAT--- WF!
LOW BRIDGE!


BONG!
BOY! THAT WAS ALMOST THE KNOCKOUT BELL FOR ME!
WOW! WHAT A NOISE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NEXT DAY...IN THE STORE...
WISH I HAD A CLUE TO JEAN'S WHEREABOUTS!
HERE COMES A CUSTOMER!
HE BOUGHT A VERY RARE DRUG! AND HIS FACE HAD THE SAME STIFF LOOK AS THOSE PHONEY JAPS!
WHAT'S HOLDING US?
THERE HE GOES! AND THAT NAZI'S LETTING HIM IN!
LET'S GET CLOSER--AND CHECK!
WE ARE READY TO DO MORE SABOTAGE, FOR AXIS!
TIM, GET GAS FROM THE CAR AND SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE!
THERE! WONDER WHAT BOB'S IDEA IS?
ON AN ADJOINING ROOF----
THERE'S THE FIRE... AND THE RATS ARE SCURRYING! NOW FOR ACTION!

FIRST THIS WATER-TANK...
BULL'S-EYE!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FIRE! NOW TO SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE!
Inside...
JEAN! I KNEW THOSE RATS WOULD RUN AT THE SMELL OF SMOKE AND LEAVE YOU TIED UP HERE!
CR-RACK!
I HEARD THEM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT SABOTAGING AN UNFINISHED CRUISER AT THE DIAMOND SHIPYARDS... TONIGHT!
I'LL LOOK INTO IT!
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!
WAIT... WHAT'S THAT?
NIGHT...
KNOCK THE STAYS FROM UNDER HER! SHE'LL SLIDE DOWN THE WAYS AND SINK IMMEDIATELY!


NO, YOU DON'T!
TOO LATE-- SHIP NOW LAUNCHED! SHE WILL SINK!
BAM
IF SHE HITS THE WATER, SHE'S LOST!
A GIANT STRENGTH PREVAILS!
WHOA, NELLIE! BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!
THERE'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!
IT'S ONE GUY! HE SAVED THE SHIP!
THERE SHE IS! MAKE HER FAST, BOYS!

BUT MEANWHILE....
TAKE THAT, AMERICAN IMP!
LET'S GET AWAY IN THAT CAR!
THERE THEY GO, BOB!
I'LL GET THEM, OLD-TIMER!
Through THE AIR LIKE A HISSING SNAKE...
DIDN'T KNOW I HAD COWBOY BLOOD, DID YOU?
COME BACK... ALL IS NOT FORGIVEN!
ATTA BOY, TERROR!
HERE'S YOUR SABOTEUR GANG!
WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!
BUT...
LATER...
SO METZ INJECTED THOSE JAPS WITH A TEMPORARY FACE-STRAIGHTENER!
RIGHT! AND NOW LET'S GO OUT AND BUY OUR QUOTA OF U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

An Adventure Story

ARTHUR'S SALVAGE

By KERRY McROBERTS

ARTHUR DILLON was working actively on the metal salvage drive. As the son of the commanding general of the Panama Canal Zone, a lot was therefore expected of him.

He had collected about twelve hundred pounds of scrap iron, including old automobile rims and half-rusty iron reinforcements left over when the great gates of Miraflores Locks were built years ago. Now, at ten o'clock at night, he was checking over his scrap, where it lay alongside the railroad track skirting the edge of the Canal from the Caribbean end to the Pacific end.

Suddenly Arthur heard voices.

"Have you got the fuse ready, Gus?" asked one man.

"Sure thing, Fritz," replied a second voice. "We'll hang this TNT over the edge of the concrete wall here, and when the lock gate opens to let that destroyer through the first thing in the morning the whole thing will be blown up."

Arthur saw the packet of dynamite in the hands of one of the two Nazi agents, whose guttural German betrayed them. His own mind raced with ideas for tricking the saboteurs. Of course, if he hollered for the sentries the Nazis would probably be scared off, but then they might shoot him, or they might throw the TNT directly at the lock gate.

Arthur suddenly got an idea. He found what he wanted, and fastened it to one of the mooring irons on the edge of the lock. Then he pushed it off the lock wall.

The clatter of metal in his salvage pile led to his undoing, however. One of the Germans shouted:

"Someone is over there! Get him!"

Fritz grabbed hold of Arthur. The soldiers on the lock gate turned and one of them called: "Who goes there?"

"Tell them your name," Fritz whispered quickly.

"Arthur Dillon!" replied the General's son. The soldier greeted the lad and went back on patrol. Arthur was hurried off to a small shack. One of the Nazis said:

"We will wait here until morning. When the lock blows up there will be a lot of excitement, and we can get away in the crowd."

Arthur was tied up and placed on a pile of rags. He feigned sleep and listened to the talk of the two Germans. They did not keep any secrets from him. It was obvious that they expected to kill him.

Just as dawn broke, Gus stood in the doorway of the shack, looking toward the locks about a hundred yards away. The destroyer had steamed up, and the lock gates were opening up. Gus said:

"It'll be going up any minute, now. We'll be getting out of here."

The two men hurried off, and Arthur was alone. He smashed his bound hands through the window of the shed, leaving jagged glass which helped him to cut the ropes on his wrists. A soldier heard the crash of glass, and ran over just as Arthur came out of the shack.

"What's wrong?" he asked, seeing the disheveled condition of the boy.

"There's dynamite in the lock," Arthur called breathlessly.

The soldier fired off his gun as a signal, and everyone came running, but the lock gate was almost opened. The soldiers expected to see this important link in the canal blown sky-high, together with the destroyer. But instead there was a grinding crash. General Dillon and the others rushed to the edge of the embankment.

"It worked," Arthur said happily.

"What worked?" the General asked.

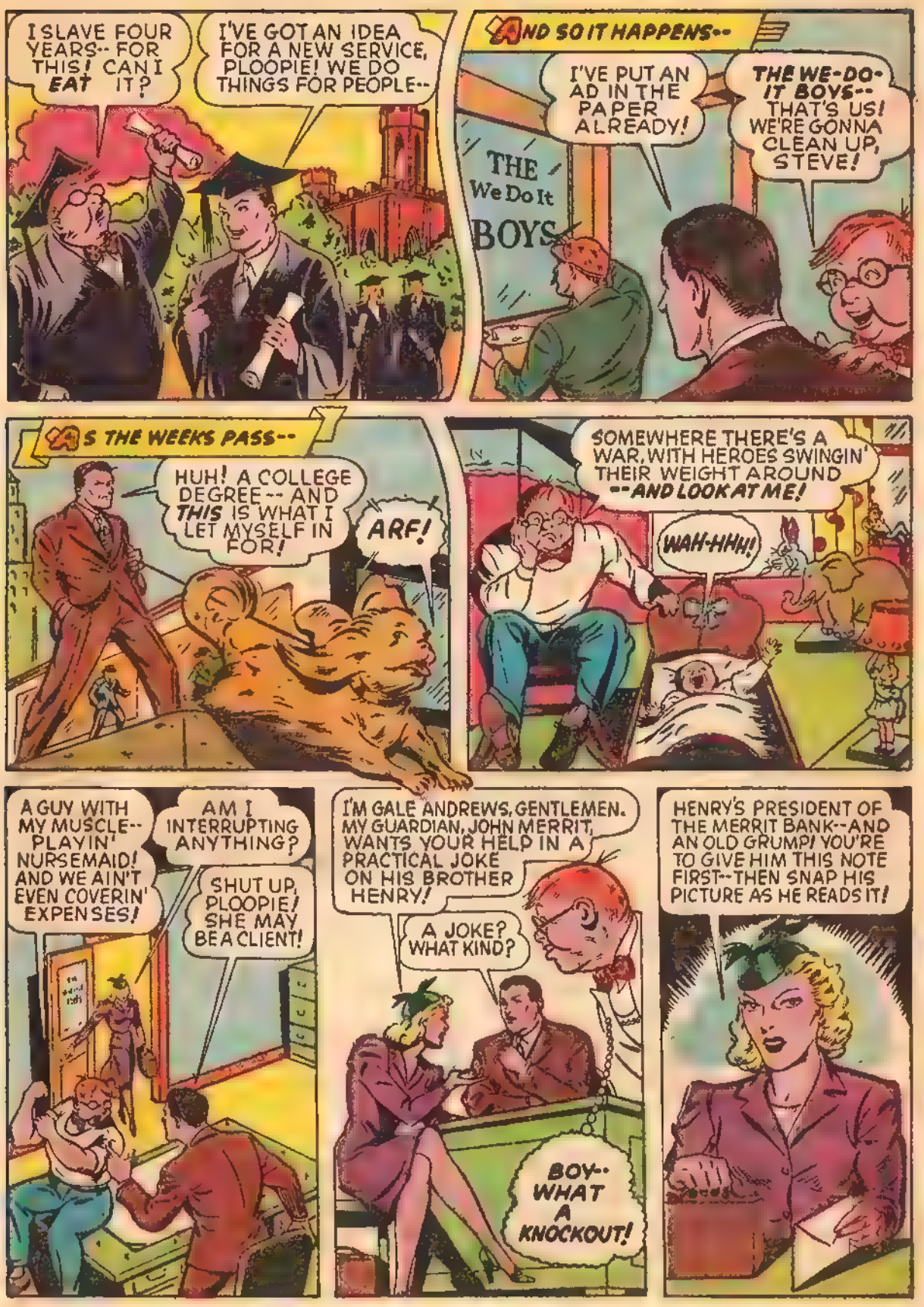
"My salvage," Arthur explained. "When I heard the two Nazis planning to put the dynamite over the side I took one of the auto rims I'd salvaged, fastened it to a towing chain and dropped it over. It worked just like one of those auto tire bumpers on a ship, and kept the lock from pressing against the dynamite."

"Boy," the General whistled, "that was sure a valuable piece of salvage! You're a real hero, son."

Arthur was very proud. The general was more than pleased when his son supplied a clue to the headquarters of the sabotage gang, and they were rounded up.

A Patriotic Lad Works Swiftly when the Panama Canal is Threatened!

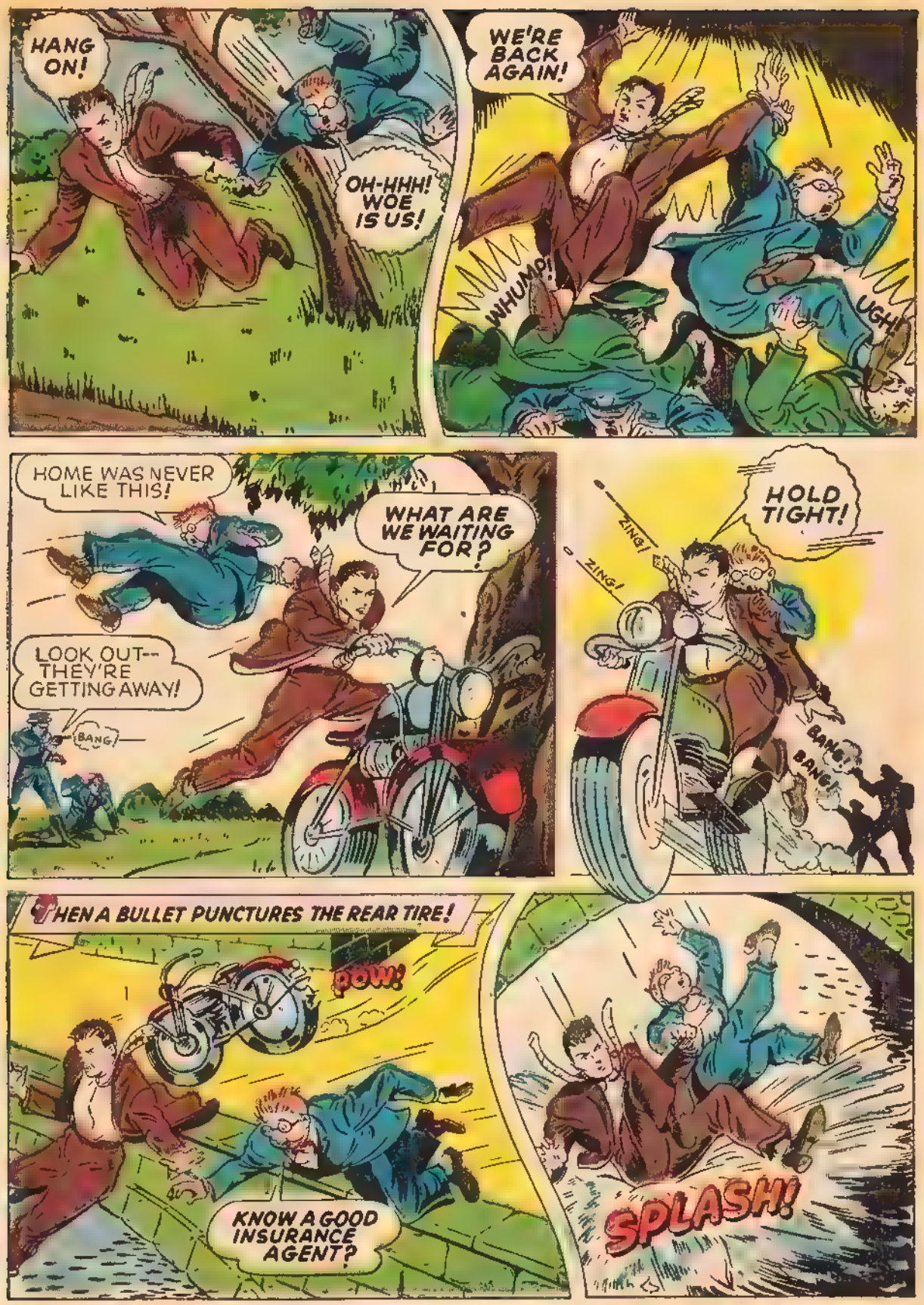
THE CRIME CRUSHERS
HERE THEY ARE--STEVE BARRY AND 'PLOOPIE' CARR--TWO OF THE WARMEST, MOST HUMAN HEROES YOU'VE EVER MET! YOU'LL THRILL, ROAR AT THEIR EXPLOITS IN A RIPROARING TALE THAT'LL CHASE CHILLS UP YOUR SPINE!
BY RICHARD E. HUGHES
Comy


I SLAVE FOUR YEARS-- FOR THIS! CAN I EAT IT?
I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR A NEW SERVICE, PLOOPIE! WE DO THINGS FOR PEOPLE--
AND SO IT HAPPENS--
I'VE PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER ALREADY!
THE We Do It BOYS
THE WE-DO-IT BOYS-- THAT'S US! WE'RE GONNA CLEAN UP, STEVE!
AS THE WEEKS PASS--
HUH! A COLLEGE DEGREE-- AND THIS IS WHAT I LET MYSELF IN FOR!
ARF!
SOMEWHERE THERE'S A WAR, WITH HEROES SWINGIN' THEIR WEIGHT AROUND --AND LOOK AT ME!
WAH-HHH!
A GUY WITH MY MUSCLE-- PLAYIN' NURSEMAID! AND WE AIN'T EVEN COVERIN' EXPENSES!
AM I INTERRUPTING ANYTHING?
SHUT UP, PLOOPIE! SHE MAY BE A CLIENT!
I'M GALE ANDREWS, GENTLEMEN. MY GUARDIAN, JOHN MERRIT, WANTS YOUR HELP IN A PRACTICAL JOKE ON HIS BROTHER HENRY!
A JOKE? WHAT KIND?
BOY-- WHAT A KNOCKOUT!
HENRY'S PRESIDENT OF THE MERRIT BANK--AND AN OLD GRUMP! YOU'RE TO GIVE HIM THIS NOTE FIRST--THEN SNAP HIS PICTURE AS HE READS IT!

HERE'S WHAT'LL HAPPEN!
URGLE!
I DON'T GET IT!
THE CAMERA'S RIGGED SO IT'LL TAKE HIS PICTURE AT THE SAME TIME--IF YOU SQUEEZE THE BULB HARD! AND WHAT A PICTURE WE'LL GET!
NOT US! THINK WE WANTA GET THROWN IN THE CLINK?
YOU WON'T--WHEN HE SEES HIS BROTHER JOHN'S SIGNATURE ON THAT NOTE! PLEASE--FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS?
A GAL LIKE YOU--AND A CENTURY NOTE? HOW CAN WE RESIST?
AT THE MERRIT BANK--
NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHERS--AND WITH A LETTER FOR ME? LET'S SEE IT!
HERE IT IS, SIR! IT'S IMPORTANT!
THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!
YOU'LL BE MORE SURPRISED IN A MOMENT, PAL! GIVE HIM THE BUSINESS, PLOOPIE!
WATCH THE BIRDIE!
WHAT!
THEN--A CRASH! THE THUD OF A FALLING BODY!
AH-HHH!
MERCIFUL HEAVENS! WHAT--
BANG!

HE--HE'S DEAD!
A GUN--INSIDE THE CAMERA! WE--WE BEEN VICTIMIZED!
WE'VE CAUGHT 'EM RED-HANDED!
IN A FLASH, STEVE ACTS!
DON'T SHOOT! HE'S INNOCENT!
BANG!
WHAM!
I GOT AN ALIBI--I WASN'T EVEN THERE!
UGH!
BUFF!
IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH--A WILD BATTLE!
YOU--YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO US!
THERE THEY ARE! LET'S BREAK IT UP!
WHOOSH!
HERE'S WHERE I HEAD IN!
OW-WW!
POW!
BUT NUMBERS TELL!
WANNA TALK NOW--OR SAVE IT FOR LATER?
YOU--YOU CAN'T BLAME US! IT WAS A PRACTICAL JOKE THAT MISCARRIED --THAT LETTER FROM HIS BROTHER WILL PROVE IT!
HMMMM..."HAND OVER FIFTY GRAND OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!" A JOKE, EH? TAKE THESE BANDITS DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!
FRAMED!
GREAT GUNS!

EN ROUTE TO HEADQUARTERS--
WE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF--AND SO--
--I'M MAKING MY OWN CHANCE!
CR-RASH!
WHAM!
SORRY, BOYS... BUT YOU'RE NOT PINNING SOME-ONE ELSE'S CRIME ON US!
LET'S GO!
HEY--I AIN'T GOT WINGS!
BANG!
OOF!
LOOK OUT!


HANG ON!
OH-HHH! WOE IS US!
WE'RE BACK AGAIN!
WHUMP!
UGH!
HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
LOOK OUT-- THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
BANG!
ZING!
ZING!
HOLD TIGHT!
BANG!
BANG!
THEN A BULLET PUNCTURES THE REAR TIRE!
POW!
KNOW A GOOD INSURANCE AGENT?
SPLASH!

HOURS LATER--
YEAH--AND WE GOTTA GET 'EM OFF!
... POLICE ARE WARNED TO SHOOT ON SIGHT! THE ESCAPED CRIMINALS ARE STILL HANDCUFFED...
COME ON--THERE'S A DEPARTMENT STORE!
TAXI
I'LL TAKE THIS FILE, MISS! HEY!
LOOK AT THE SNAZZY DUCK!
IT'S THOSE ESCAPED CRIMINALS! HELP!
CLEAR THE ROAD! WE'RE OFF AGAIN!
COME BACK HERE, YOU!
THERE THEY GO!
DEPARTMENT
CRASH! BANG! HELP!
POLICE
IT'S A REVOLUTION! COME ON!
SLAMBANG CHASE TURNS THE DEPARTMENT STORE INTO A MADHOUSE!
SHIPPING DEPT.
IN HERE!
HEAD 'EM OFF!
TRUCK ON DOWN!
BANG!
BANG!
SOCK!
SO YOU'RE DE FUGITIVES! I'M READY FOR YEZ!
SHIPPING

THERE'S ANOTHER EXIT OVER THERE!
THANKS, PAL!
CRASH!
TRAPPED!
GRAB HIM!
LET ME... GO...
COSTUM
DEPARTM
PLOOPIE TO THE RESCUE!
NOTICE THE FOOT-WORK, PALS!
THEY'RE IN A BLIND ALLEY-- WE GOT 'EM CORNERED!
RUN-- HERE COME MORE OF 'EM!
WHAM!
I DON'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF 'EM! WHERE'D THEY GET TO?
MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY! TOO BAD!
THEY'RE GONE! COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
WHAT A RELIEF! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS JOINT!
GEE--CAN YA IMAGINE US-- FRONTIN' FOR BANK-ROBBERS!
BANK-ROBBERS, NERTS! YOU DIDN'T NOTICE ANY AROUND, DID YOU? THE OBJECT WAS MURDER-- AND WE WERE FRAMED FOR IT! WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE REAL CULPRITS!
LATER--

HOW CAN WE? YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT GAL WAS REALLY JOHN MERRIT'S WARD!
I DON'T KNOW-- BUT THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS CHECK UP!
THIS IS THE PLACE!
"IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL--
WHAT ARE THEY-- WATCHMEN?
WHEN THEY PASS UNDER US-- TAKE 'EM!
IT AIN'T THE HEAT-- IT'S THE HUMILITY!
ALL YOURS, PAL!
WHUMP!
MOMENTS AFTER--
WHO--WHO'S THERE?
CLANK!
GIVE, SISTER!
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, TAKIN' HER FROM BOTH SIDES!
I-I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINK-ING! IT'S BEEN TORTURING ME--BUT I'M INNOCENT!
BALONEY! YOU GOT US INTO THAT MESS--AND YOU'VE GOT SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO! TALK FAST!
DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY! WHEN I HEARD WHAT HAD HAPPENED, I KNEW MY GUARDIAN HAD LIED ABOUT IT'S BEING A JOKE! HE-HE'S NOT RIGHT MENTALLY--AND HATED HIS BROTHER!

OH, STEVE--YOU--YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! IT'S HARD TO CONDEMN MY OWN GUARDIAN--BUT I'D NEVER HAVE LET YOU SUFFER FOR IT!
I BELIEVE YOU, KID--AND I'M SORRY! COME ON--I'D LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH THE OLD MAN!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MR. MERRIT! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT CAMERA?
CAMERA... GUN... THOSE DREAMS...
THAT'S IT! THE GUN INSIDE THE CAMERA -- DID YOU PUT IT THERE? YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME!
THOSE DREAMS-- THOSE AWFUL NIGHTMARES! TAKE--TAKE THEM AWAY!
SUDDENLY--A VOICE FROM THE DOORWAY!
LEAVE ME ALONE WITH THESE MEN, GALE! I THINK I CAN HELP THEM!
IT'S DR. RANA--HIS PSYCHIATRIST!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW, DOCTOR--I SUSPECT JOHN MERRIT OF MURDER!
GALE TOLD ME THE DETAILS! BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ALONE -- THERE MUST BE OTHERS IN IT WITH HIM!
THEN--
HELP! HELP!
GOOD LORD-- THAT'S GALE!
AND IN TROUBLE! COME ON!
KIDNAPPED!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? AFTER HER!
OH-HHH! HELP!

FASTER!
NO--I WON'T ENDANGER GALE'S LIFE--OR YOURS! WE'LL SEE WHERE THEY TAKE HER--AND THEN--!
THEY WENT IN THERE! I'LL TAKE THE FRONT AND YOU TWO TAKE THE BACK!
YOU MAY BE A NUT DOCTOR--BUT BOY, YOU GOT GUTS!
SH-HHH! NOT A SOUND!
I'LL MAKE LIKE AN OYSTER!
LOOKS LIKE THEY FOLLOWED US, ALL RIGHT!
HERE GOES!
LOOK OUT--WE'RE FALLING!
YOU'RE TELLING ME?
OW-WWW-OOOOOO!
THEY LAND--AND A TORRENT OF WATER POURS THROUGH THE CHUTE!
GREAT SCOTT--WE'RE TRAPPED!
BLUB!
THE FLOOD RISES--RISES--
SOMEBODY--GULP!--ONCE SAID DROWNING'S A SWELL SENSATION!
THE CEILING AND WALLS ARE STEEL, WHICH LEAVES--THE FLOOR! DIVE, BROTHER--DIVE!
THANK HEAVENS THIS DRAIN LIFTS OUT--JUST ENOUGH ROOM TO GET BY!

HOPE THE EXIT'S CLOSE... CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER...
IF YOU EVER CALL ME A SEWER-RAT, I'LL---
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO RANA-- AND SAVE GALE!
HOLY SMOKE! THERE'S GALE--AND THEY GOT RANA TOO! AND THERE'S A HOOD WITH A TOMMY-GUN---
HERE WE GO!
BENNY SENT US!
WE'LL HANDLE ALL THE KILLING, RATS!
CRASH!
BIFF!
I CAN USE THAT TOY, PAL!
LOOK--THEY'RE BEATING 'EM TO A FRAZZLE!
LOOK OUT, STEVE!
BIFF!
I'LL GET-- OOF!
HE ALMOST-- HAD YOU!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
LUCKY I SPOTTED THAT BIRD WITH THE BLACKJACK IN TIME TO STOP HIM!
IT SURE IS! TOO BAD-- THEY'VE ALL ESCAPED!
BANG!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT EITHER OF US WOULD HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T SHOWN UP IN THE NICK OF TIME!
I-I WANT TO THANK STEVE MY *OWN* WAY!
EVER SINCE I MET YOU... I KNEW THAT SOME DAY...
YOU'RE SWEET... GALE...
HUH! SOME GUYS HAVE *ALL* THE LUCK!
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO BE DONE AROUND HERE, DOC! I'LL SEE GALE HOME SAFELY!
YOU ROMANTIC YOUNGSTERS! SO LONG--THIS IS NO PLACE FOR AN OLD FOGEY LIKE ME!
OH, STEVE! I'M SO HAPPY THAT--
I'M STILL A FUGITIVE, GALE! YOUR GUARDIAN'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BUSINESS-- IF WE CAN ONLY GET IT OUT OF HIM!
TRY TO THINK, MR. MERRIT! YOU'VE *GOT* TO REMEMBER!
EVERYTHING HAZY... THERE WAS A CAMERA... BUT MAYBE ONLY IN THOSE DREAMS--*THOSE AWFUL DREAMS!*
IT'S NO USE--YOU CAN'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM! HE'S A MENTAL CASE--THAT'S WHY HE NEEDS A PSYCHIATRIST!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I STUDIED A LITTLE PSYCHOANALYSIS AT COLLEGE--MAYBE-- IF I COULD ANALYZE HIS DREAMS--*I MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING, GALE!*

YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME ABOUT THOSE DREAMS--DESCRIBE THEM TO ME! THINK HARD!
THAT'S NOT.... HARD TO DO... THOSE NIGHTMARES... ALWAYS THE SAME...
"I SEEM TO BE RUNNING--RUNNING--FROM SOME AWFUL TERROR--A GIANT FROG..."
HELP! HELP!
"AND THEN--ALWAYS--IT CORNERS ME! THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND ITS BACK--AND I'M AFRAID!
KEEP-KEEP AWAY!
"THEN SUDDENLY--I SEE WHAT IT IS! IT'S A CAMERA-BUT AT THE SAME TIME, IT'S DEATH!"
TAKE YOUR PICTURE... TAKE YOUR PICTURE...
NO! NO! DON'T!
FROGS! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME--IT'S MEANINGLESS!
DREAMS ARE FUNNY THINGS! THEY HIDE THEIR REAL MEANING UNDER SYMBOLS--AND THAT FROG'S A SYMBOL FOR SOMETHING! IF I COULD ONLY FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANT!
HAW-HAW! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A FROG MEANS? HERE IT IS IN THE DICTIONARY--"FROG:.. AN AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL OF THE FAMILY RANIDAE.."
"RANIDAE"! HOLY SMOKE-- I THINK I'VE GOT IT! JUST FOR THE HECK OF IT-- LOOK UP "RANA"!

IT'S HERE! "RANA... A GENUS OF VERTEBRATES INCLUDING THE VARIOUS SPECIES OF FROGS"!
PSYCHOLOGY DOESN'T LIE, GALE! WE'VE BEEN TAKEN IN BY A MONSTER--AND I'M GOING TO GET HIM! STAY HERE--HE'S DANGEROUS!
STEVE! PROMISE--YOU'LL BE CAREFUL--
AT DR. RANA'S HOME--
GENTLEMEN! WHAT---
THE GAME'S UP--YOU MURDERER!
SO YOU'VE FOUND OUT, EH! YOU WON'T LIVE TO CARRY TALES!
WRONG AGAIN, BROTHER!
THIS WAY, BOYS! HELP!
BANG!
HE'S GOT THE BOSS! COME ON!
GOIN' DOWN! EXPRESS TO BASEMENT!
I'LL GET 'IM, BOSS!
OOF!
WHAM!
BANG!
YOU'LL GET WHO?
OW-WW!
BIFF!

VICTORY!
I'LL TAKE THESE BIRDS OUT AND TIE 'EM UP!
I'VE GOT A FEW FACTS I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS GUY! START TALKING FAST, DR. RANA!
YOU WIN! I HAD OLD JOHN MERRIT IN MY POWER, DRUGGED AND HALF OUT OF HIS HEAD, AND GOT CONTROL OVER HIS MONEY! BUT HIS BROTHER HENRY'S FORTUNE WAS EVEN BIGGER! I KNEW IF HE WERE OUT OF THE WAY, HIS WEALTH WOULD COME TO JOHN--AND THROUGH HIM, TO ME!
I NEEDED A FALL GUY--AND YOU WERE ELECTED!
THAT STILL HOLDS! DROP THAT GUN, STEVE!
GOOD LORD--GALE! WHAT--WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
ONLY THAT I'VE BEEN IN THIS MESS WITH RANA SINCE THE BEGINNING--AND YOU WERE THE SUCKER!
AND I...I THOUGHT THAT WE...
YOU SAP! WE TRIED TO MAKE OLD JOHN COME TO YOU HIMSELF WITH THAT CAMERA, BUT HE WAS IN A FOG--SO I TOOK OVER!
AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW THAT-- HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO GIVE YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
AM I DREAMIN'?

AN AVENGING THUNDERBOLT STRIKES!
PLOOPIE!
OH-HHH!
C-R-RASH!
UGH!
HERE'S MY CONTRIBUTION!
CRACK!
STEVE! HE-- HE MADE ME DO IT-- I LOVE YOU--
STOW IT, YOU JEZABEL! THE ONLY THING I'LL TAKE FROM YOU IS A WRITTEN CONFESSION-- AND THAT GOES FOR RANA, TOO!
THIS CONFESSION CLEARS YOU, BUT THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T GET-- THE GIRL BEIN' KIDNAPPED!
THAT WAS TO LURE US AWAY--THEY DIDN'T WANT US KILLED IN MERRIT'S HOUSE, SINCE OUR COMING THERE MIGHT POINT TO THEIR BEING IMPLICATED! LATER, WE THOUGHT WE WERE RESCUING THEM!
STEVE AND PLOOPIE, REVEALED AS INNOCENT ACCESSORIES, ARE CLEARED OF HENRY MERRIT'S DEATH!
WELL-- BACK TO THE GRIND! BUT GEE -- WE SURE WERE CRIME CRUSHERS WHILE IT LASTED!
FORGET IT, PLOOPIE! THIS IS THE ONLY KIND OF ACTION THE WE-DO-IT BOYS ARE GOING TO SEE IN THE FUTURE!
OH, YEAH?
THERE'S A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN STORE FOR OUR
CRIME CRUSHERS!
DON'T MISS OUR NEXT ISSUE!

A Detective Story

KIDNAP CLUE

By RUSSELL STANTON

RICHARD had been in the cellar of the kidnap hideout for two days and nights. The kidnapers had made him sign a note to his father for one hundred thousand dollars ransom. The room he was in contained a workbench and some old tools. There were odd curios in the rafters over his head, and standing on the bench, Richard explored for them up behind the gas and electric meters, and over near where the water pipes came into the cellar.

Suddenly the door at the head of the stairs opened. The face of Red Dixon, one of the kidnapers, peered through. It was masked.

"Come on up, kid," he said, "you're going home."

Then the kidnaper came down the stairs, carrying a blindfold with him. Richard tried to find some means that would help him to identify the man later on, but Red Dixon and his partner had been careful about things like that. During the whole time he had been held prisoner the men had been masked.

Later, with a blindfold over his eyes, Richard was in a car being driven rapidly through one of the big city parks. Finally he was helped out of the car, and Red Dixon said:

"Count up to a hundred, kid, and then take off the blindfold. If you take it off before something's likely to happen to you and your folks."

Two minutes later a happy boy was being kissed and hugged by his mother and father. But Mr. Gaines was sober as he said:

"We could ill afford that money now, but it's a blessing to have you home again." As his father spoke, Richard noticed two strangers in the room with them. One of them said:

"Now that your son is safe at home, we'll move in on the case."

Harold Gaines agreed soberly, then all three men started talking to the boy.

"Do you know where the kidnapers had you?" One of the detectives asked the youth.

"I think I can find them," Richard replied.

Fifteen minutes later Richard Gaines and his father were in a car with four armed detectives, closing in on a house in a suburban development.

Two of the detectives remained with the father and the son, while the others joined the local police for the raid on the kidnap house.

There was an exchange of shots, then Harold Gaines said:

"These guys must be tough babies. Sounds as though your friends are having trouble."

One of the detectives replied:

"Not too much trouble. They'll be back in no time, and I'll bet they have your money, too."

A few minutes later the detectives gathered around the Gaines car, prodding the two kidnapers ahead of them. One of the detectives showed the money to Mr. Gaines:

"I guess you'll be glad to see this again," he said. "You can get it after we've checked it as evidence."

Red Dixon and Spike Duval, his partner, looked from the faces of the detectives to Richard Gaines and his father. Then Spike said:

"I told you we should have bumped the kid. But you were so sure we'd get away with the job."

Red Dixon was puzzled. He scratched his head.

"I still don't see how the kid spotted us and knew where to bring the cops."

"That was easy," Mr. Gaines replied. "When you decided to plan this kidnaping, one of you came to my house and pretended to be the gas man. Richard likes to play gas man, too.

"When you had him in the cellar, he climbed up on the work bench, took the number of the meter, and the reading on the dials."

Red Dixon and Spike Duval listened in astonishment as Mr. Gaines went on:

"The gas company has a record of the numbers on all the meters. As soon as we gave them the meter number they told us right where the meter was located and we got here in time to watch you splitting the ransom money. Richard did a fine job of detective work, all right!"

The detectives heartily agreed.

Held for Ransom, Young Richard Gaines Puts His Wits to Work!

BOBO TH' HOBO
SAY, BUB -- CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE A GAL NAMED SUSIE GERRISH LIVES IN DIS BURG?
SURE! -- THIRD FARM ON THE RIGHT -- BUT DON'T LET THE COPS SEE YOU! THEY'RE TOUGH ON BUMS IN THIS TOWN!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SCRAM! A CAR'S COMIN' -- AN THERE'S COPS IN IT!
QUICK! RUN IN DIS FIELD AN' PRETEND TO BE ONE OF THE SCARECROWS!
WHEW! DAT WAS CLOSE!
YOU AIN'T JUST TALKING!
HEY! DAT SCARECROW HAS A BETTER COAT THAN I HAVE! I'M GOIN' TO CHANGE WID HIM!
KNOCK IT DOWN OUTA SIGHT, QUICK, SO NOBODY'LL SEE YOU TAKE IT!
RIGHT!
HEY! WHATSA MATTA? -- YOU T'INK YER TH' ONLY BUMS DOS COPS 'RE LOOKIN' FER?
?
!

GEE, BOBO! LOOK AT TH' TROUBLE WE GET INTO! WHY D'YA WANTA SEE DIS DAME SUSIE GERRISH, ANYWAY?
SHE WAS MY SWEETIE BEFORE I HIT TH' ROAD! --TH' ONE BIG PASSION O' MY LIFE!
!BEAK!
WE WERE GONNA GIT MARRIED BUT I HAD TH' TRAVEL ITCH! ONE DAY SHE SENT ME TO TH' STORE FER A POUND O' SUGAR-- AN' I JUST KEPT GOING!
NEVER WENT BACK, EH?
BUT SHE'S PROBABLY MARRIED NOW! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU LEFT?
LET'S SEE!..... IT'S JUST... TWENTY YEARS!
MAYBE SHE IS MARRIED! BUT I JUST WANT TO SEE HER ONCE -- JUST TO SEE WHAT SHE'S LIKE NOW!
I'LL HIDE IN THE BUSHES AN' WAIT TO SEE HER COME OUT!
DON'T BE A SAP! GO RIGHT UP AN' KNOCK AN' TELL HER YOU'VE COME BACK!
I CAN'T!!
BUT WHY NOT??
WHERE WOULD I GET TH' SUGAR??
?
!

LATER...
WELL, SHRIMPY, DIS IS TH' FARM! I T'INK I'LL GO AN' TAKE ONE LOOK AT SUSIE! COME ON WID ME!
NOT A CHANCE!
BETTER NOT LET HER SEE YOU!
SHE WON'T! I'LL KEEP OUTA SIGHT!
GOSH! I FEEL LIKE CRYIN'! -- ALL THIS MIGHTA BEEN MINE! I MIGHTA BEEN A BIG SHOT!
AN THAT'S 'ER HUSBAND! -- IT MIGHTA BEEN ME WALKIN' IN TO GREET SUSIE --'STEAD O' HIM!
SUDDENLY...
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP! YOU ---!!!
THUD!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HOW'D YA MAKE OUT, BOBO?
COME ON, SHRIMPY! LE'S GET OUTA HEAH!
BOY! -- YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAD A NARROW ESCAPE!
I DID HAVE---
3
--TWENTY YEARS AGO!
!
FINIS

Do You Want Success Like This in RADIO

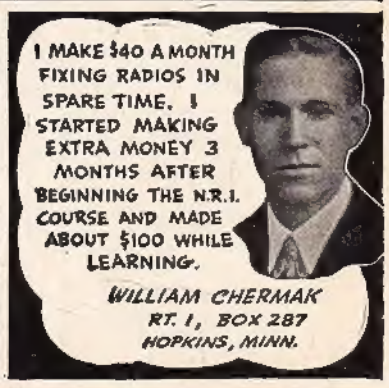
BEFORE COMPLETING YOUR COURSE I OBTAINED MY RADIO BROADCAST OPERATOR'S LICENSE AND IMMEDIATELY JOINED STATION WMPC WHERE I AM NOW CHIEF OPERATOR.
HOLLIS F. HAYES
327 MADISON ST., LAPEER, MICH.

I WAS WORKING IN A GARAGE WHEN I ENROLLED WITH N. R. I. I AM NOW RADIO SERVICE MANAGER FOR M_____ FURNITURE CO. FOR THEIR 4 STORES.
JAMES E. RYAN
119 PEBBLE COURT
FALL RIVER, MASS.

CLIPPING YOUR COUPON GOT ME STARTED IN RADIO. I AM NOW IN CHARGE OF THE RADIO DEPARTMENT FOR THE AMERICAN AIRLINES AT CLEVELAND.
WALTER B. MURRAY
AMERICAN AIRLINES, MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MY LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM PAYS ME ABOUT $35 A WEEK BESIDES MY RADIO WORK. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOUR COURSE I WOULD STILL BE MAKING COMMON WAGES.
MILTON I. LEIBY, JR.,
TOPTON, PA.

I HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS FOR MYSELF FOR TWO YEARS, MAKING BETWEEN $200 AND $300 A MONTH. BUSINESS HAS STEADILY INCREASED.
ARLIE J. FROEHNER
300 W. TEXAS AVE.
GOOSE CREEK, TEX.


I MAKE $40 A MONTH FIXING RADIOS IN SPARE TIME. I STARTED MAKING EXTRA MONEY 3 MONTHS AFTER BEGINNING THE N.R.I. COURSE AND MADE ABOUT $100 WHILE LEARNING.
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